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THE TATLER

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and BYSTANDER

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Wartime Meeting on Waterloo Bridge

Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor are heroine and hero of *Waterloo Bridge* which tells, in an adaptation of Robert E. Sherwood's play, of a ballet dancer and a young officer who met, parted, met again, and finally parted for the last time on Rennie's now vanished bridge. Robert Taylor wears his first moustache, also makes his first appearance as a middle-aged man, a soldier of 1940 whose romantic memories of 1917 make the film's story. This is Vivien Leigh's second Hollywood picture, but she has played with Robert Taylor before, when he came to England for *A Yank at Oxford*. Mervyn LeRoy directed *Waterloo Bridge*, which has C. Aubrey Smith and Virginia Field among its players. It went to the Empire last Friday



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Axis Succes de Cinema

DURING the past week the spotlights have been turned on Berlin. For M. Molotov, Soviet Premier and Foreign Commissar, this was an important occasion. It was the first occasion on which he had headed a mission to a foreign country, and the first time a Soviet Premier has gone outside the frontiers of Russia during his term of office.

It was only to be expected that Berlin would make the most of the occasion. The visit had been demanded by Hitler and Ribbentrop for the express purpose of staging "a diplomatic triumph." Obviously the ground had been well prepared.

The Axis has learned something about the technique of diplomacy which pre-war Europe never quite grasped. In their simplicity the statesmen and diplomats of a temporarily discredited school met from time to time to discuss their problems. As a result agreement could not be guaranteed in advance, and such meetings not infrequently ended as well-publicised "failures."

Not so Berlin. Neither Hitler nor Ribbentrop is capable of "discussion" in the accepted sense of the term. It is safe to assume, therefore, that the heads of agreement were already drawn up before M. Molotov's train pulled out of the station in Moscow.

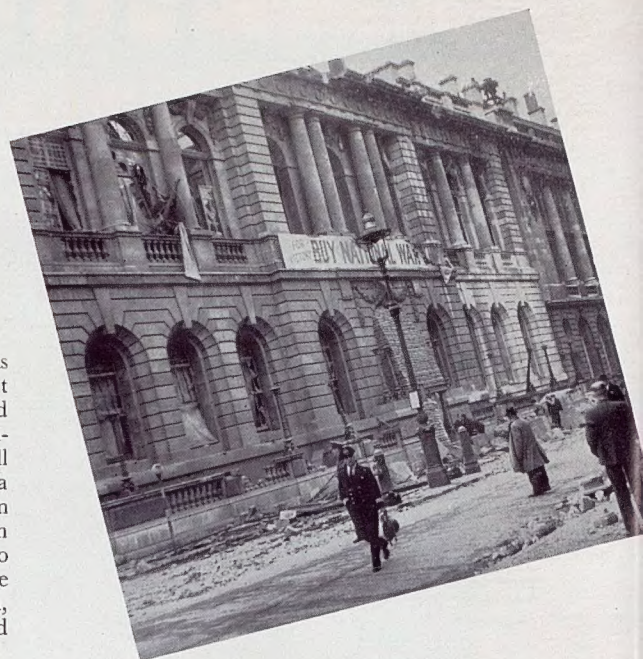
The Music Goes Round

THE last time I left that same station the red carpet was down and the platform was liberally decorated with red "hammer and

sickle" flags and 'little Union Jacks hastily made up for the occasion. It was evening and cinema lights blazed as the cameramen recorded the auspicious event. Moscow was bidding farewell to Mr. Anthony Eden at the close of a four days' visit. The Kremlin had been told that he would soon be Foreign Secretary and that, in consequence, to talk with him would be much more useful than to talk with Sir John Simon, who had been to Berlin but declined to continue the tour to Moscow.

Germany had just started to rearm. The Simon visit to Berlin had been postponed because Germany had just announced that she had formed a regular army of sixteen divisions, after which startling declaration Hitler had developed a sore throat and, like Miss Otis, "regretted." Moscow was quick to see the writing on the wall. London was assured that a talk between the British Foreign Secretary and Stalin would be most fruitful. Germany must be stopped, and so forth. So Mr. Eden went to Moscow and thence to Warsaw and Prague—and had a very nasty flight home which put him out of action for a month when he eventually got back to England.

It seems strange now to look back on those almost forgotten days. Difficult, too, to escape the conclusion that somebody blundered. For since eighteen months the red carpet comes out and the klieg lights go on in Moscow to



The Bombed Stronghold of Conservatives

Last week it became publishable news that the Carlton Club had been bombed, and this is what that stronghold of Conservative politicians looked like a few hours after it became a Nazi target. About forty M.P.s were in the club at the time, including Mr. Herwald Ramsbotham, Captain David Margesson, Mr. J. S. C. Reid, Mr. Quintin Hogg, Mr. Charles Williams and Mr. Samuel Storey. The last-named left a Sunderland "Spitfire" fund cheque for £21,700 under the rubble, went back next day and found it in the debris, and sent it on to Lord Beaverbrook. Only four people were hurt in the club, and they received only minor cuts.

welcome the German Foreign Minister or to speed the Soviet Premier outward bound for Berlin.

Yet if truth be recognised the Soviet Government throughout the intervening years has been animated by the same motives. And the dominant one is fear of Germany.

Mr. Eden's Latest Tour

WHILE Russia was angling for agreements with Germany which might avert or at least postpone the dreaded day when armies from the west would bear down upon her rich republics in Southern Europe, Mr. Eden was flying home from an eventful and most useful journey to the Middle East. He had been subjected to changes in temperature ranging from 108 degrees in the shade in Khartoum, where he had a long talk with General Smuts, and below zero at a high altitude in the plane flying home.

Although the bulk of his flying up and down the Mediterranean was done in daylight, he never once saw an Italian plane in the sky. Mr. Eden is not exactly persona gratissima in Rome. In fact, his name acts like a red rag on a bull with Mussolini. Accordingly it is safe to assume that they would have shot him down if they could have done so. Evidently we are already establishing a notably ascendancy over the Italian in the air despite the fact that they are operating from home bases, and we have not yet been able to spare as much of the R.A.F. from Britain as the Middle East Command would like.

Some Encouraging Pointers

THERE are many points which must have arisen during Mr. Eden's tour which it would be fascinating to know and to talk about. What valuable advice he may have got, for example, from that old campaigner General Smuts. What an interesting insight into the prospects of Ethiopia throwing off the Italian yoke, and once again acclaiming

(Continued on page 272)



Veterans . . . No Pipe!

Seventy-three-year-old Earl Baldwin made a public appearance (without his famous pipe) at Worcester's Shire Hall recently in order to present service badges to members of the Worcester-shire Branch of the Women's Land Army



. . . No Coat!

The ninety-two-year-old Earl of Leicester put on all his medals to inspect the Armistice Day parade at Wells-next-the-Sea, Norfolk. He was the only civilian without an overcoat on that very wet day. Young relatives of Lord Leicester's appear on p. 286

Claude Fisher

Mr. Eden in the Middle East

Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary of State for War, has returned to this country after a visit lasting nearly a month to the Middle East to inspect the British fighting forces. He covered almost 15,000 miles, travelling by air. He flew over much of the desert, from the Western Desert to Khartoum and Transjordan, and was accompanied on his visits by Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, General Sir Archibald Wavell or Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore. During his travels he met King Farouk, the Egyptian Prime Minister, the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan, and also Haile Selassie, the Emperor of Abyssinia, with whom he discussed the situation. Mr. Eden found all the troops immensely cheerful and confident of success. (See "Way of the War" on the opposite page for further comment)



Sandbagging Party

Watching a party of men filling sandbags somewhere on the coast in Egypt, Mr. Anthony Eden looked as jolly as a sandboy himself in shorts which, however, seemed to be causing him some trouble. Mr. Eden visited nearly every theatre of war in the Middle East in which our troops are engaged



Visiting The R.A.A.F.

Mr. Eden, during his tour of the fighting forces in Egypt, visited a squadron of the R.A.A.F., was photographed with General Sir Archibald Wavell, British C.-in-C. in the Middle East, Lieut.-General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, G.O.C. in Egypt, Air Vice-Marshal R. M. Drummond and other officers

Inspecting an Arab Legion

Mr. Eden was received by the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan when he visited Jerusalem and Amman. A detachment of the Arab Legion formed a guard of honour. He inspected a desert patrol and units of the Palestine garrison



Travelling by Air

Mr. Eden, once again clad in his shorts, is being given a leg-up into his aeroplane. He used a "Lysander" two-seater machine for his journey to the front. His party was conveyed in four "Lysanders" escorted by fighter planes high above them. It was considered advisable not to use larger machines, which might attract the attention of the enemy, and which would also have been more difficult to land at the advance positions

Way of the War

(Continued from page 270)

the black Emperor, Haile Selassie, to the throne from which he was forced to flee five years ago. Mr. Eden had a talk with the emperor somewhere near the Sudan-Ethiopian frontier.

What, too, of his talks with King Farouk and members of the Egyptian Government? When Italy launched her unprovoked attack on Greece Mr. Eden hastened back to Cairo to discuss what practical aid Britain could send. Undoubtedly the fact that he was on the spot hastened the dispatch of forces which have enabled us to gain new advance bases for our air operations against Italy. And it is good to know that bomber reinforcements are finding their way to that area from Britain almost every day.

Egypt has been greatly fortified by the positive action taken by Britain. So has Turkey. They are a superstitious people, the Turks, and they were greatly distressed by the great earthquakes which shook them a year ago. It seemed that the hand of God was against them. Now that same hand has shown itself in the country most recently occupied by the German forces. Turkey takes that as a good omen.

Eyes on General Weygand

OVER on the other side of Africa interesting things are happening. They are connected with the wanderings of General Weygand. There is solid ground for believing that one of these days the old general who was recalled by M. Paul Reynaud in the desperate hope of saving a battle already lost will become the rallying point of revived French resistance.

It is important that he should be in Africa just now. I doubt whether he will be in any hurry to return to Vichy. It is also clear that he has no use for M. Laval, and is not prepared to participate indefinitely in the

partitioning of the French Empire among the Germans, Italians and Japanese.

At Vichy today three distinct schools are presented in the Government. M. Laval, convinced that Germany will be master of the Continent for many a year to come, and animated by a deep hatred of Britain, stands for the policy of collaboration in the New Disorder. M. Baudouin, formerly of the Bank of Indo-China, and now Foreign Minister, supported by a small group, has

In France's darkest hours it was de Gaulle alone who raised the standard for continued resistance. Forthright in his every comment, more soldier than politician, the young general said things about the older French army leaders which it may be difficult for the senior commander to forgive and forget. In his turn, General Weygand has spoken in the harshest terms of de Gaulle. Perhaps hardest of all to forgive, de Gaulle was right and Weygand was wrong.

Time may ease the tension between these two men. It is important for France that it should. Important, indeed, for the world. Just because of these very things I fancy that we shall sooner or later see collaboration between these two key men. A new French Government seated in Africa and headed by Weygand would command the respect and support of all French soldiers, sailors and airmen.

"The Tatler" Christmas Number

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TWO SHILLINGS

now concluded that Germany cannot beat Britain, but equally that Britain cannot beat Germany. Hence, he argues, let there be a compromise peace now.

No Longer Defeatist

GENERAL WEYGAND and M. Charles Roux, for many years Minister to the Vatican, and recalled this year to succeed M. Alexis Leger as head of the Foreign Office, are of a still other opinion. They stand for preservation of the French Empire against all comers. Unfortunately, for the moment, this applies to General de Gaulle no less than to Germany, Italy and Japan.

Refreshment for the R.A.F.

WHEN Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Secretary for Air, promoted Sir Charles Portal to become Chief of the Air Staff, it was expected that further changes in direction of the R.A.F. would follow. Next it was announced that Sir Wilfrid Freeman was leaving the Ministry of Aircraft Production to become Vice-Chief to Sir Charles at the Air Ministry.

Here, quite obviously, was an admirable team. Sir Wilfrid is one of the only five Air Chief Marshals. In other words, he is a very senior officer. He is also in the quite early fifties, and extremely popular with all the junior officers in the service. It follows that these two men—Sir Charles Portal gained the highest reputation as Chief of the Bomber Command—will inspire absolute confidence throughout the R.A.F., and the changes they make will be recognised as having only one purpose, namely, to increase efficiency.

It is possible that the whole range of changes will have been announced by the time these notes can appear. They are known to be imminent and very far reaching. In approving them Sir Archibald Sinclair has agreed that benefit can be derived from putting an able mind on to a new job. It may be that, in some cases,

(Continued on page 312)



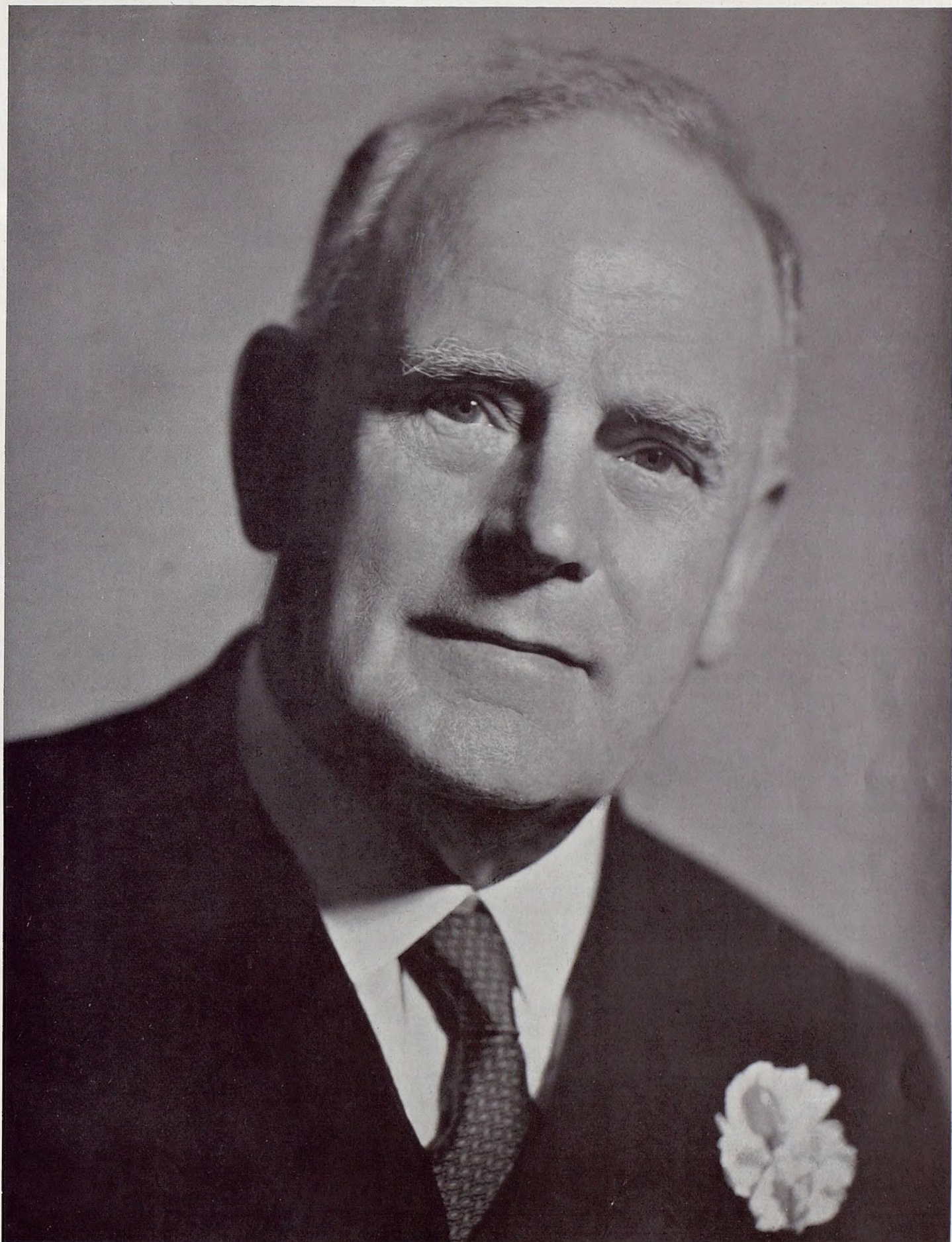
An American Woman Defeats the Guards

Mrs. P. K. Horner, wife of a member of the First American Motorised Squadron (all volunteers resident in London), helped the squadron in an exercise against the Brigade of Guards, by driving Lt.-Gen. Sergison-Brooke through the Guards' line while a decoy sergeant in the general's hat went another way and was captured. She is with the squadron's C.O., General Wade Hampton Hayes and Lt.-Gen. Sir B. N. Sergison-Brooke



A Gunner Defeats a Junkers

Little Gunner Sudbury, eighteen years old, is the hero of a single-handed combat with a Junkers "30" bomber. He was alone in a machine gun post when the German plane attacked, waited till it was fifty yards away, and then gave it a burst and brought it down. Here Brigadier W. A. Stirling, D.S.O., congratulates Gunner Sudbury

*Howard Coster*

New Zealand's High Commissioner: Mr. W. J. Jordan

William Joseph Jordan is British-born; his home town was Ramsgate, and his mother, to whom he is devoted, still lives in England. He migrated as a young man of twenty-five in 1904 and became a farmer and a member of the Labour Party. After the last war in which he served in France, he was in the New Zealand Parliament for fourteen years, until in 1936 he was appointed to his present post in London. In 1937-38 he was Chairman of the Imperial

Economic Committee and in 1938 was President of the League of Nations Council. Now most of his time is taken up with conferences at the Dominions Office, but he is keenly interested in the welfare of New Zealand troops over here, constantly visiting centres where his countrymen are stationed. He is President of the New Zealand War Services Association, for which Mrs. Jordan also works hard. The Jordans have one son and one daughter

The Cinema

English or French? By James Agate

ONE of my friends, a musical critic and a brilliant fellow, has one excessively annoying fault. He will never let you express admiration for a performance of something or other without telling you that he has seen the work performed better. Do you tell him that you enjoyed, say, *Rosenkavalier* at Sadler's Wells? He will tell you of better soloists and a more convincing ensemble encountered at Budapest in August, 1937. Did you enjoy Beethoven's Fifth under Basil Cameron at Queen's Hall? And you hear, "Yes, old boy, very nice. But then, you see, I can never forget hearing Trumpetovski do it at Petrograd in '35." And so it goes on. "Today's Carmen is all very well, but what about Calvé in 1884 or thereabouts?"

I can make excuses for my friend because I know the temptation. Let some foreign actress come to London with a repertoire of *La Dame aux Camélias*, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Phèdre* and *Frou-frou*, and I will give no guarantee that a certain famous name will not escape me.

THE better was always the enemy of the good and always will be. But that is provided we are aware of the existence of the better. It is probably a critical duty to remind cinemagoers that *Lucky Partners*, the new film at the Gaumont, is based on the Sacha Guitry film called *Bonne Chance*.

What I am a little worried about is the necessity or critical wisdom of comparing the later version with the earlier. Of course they order some things better in France, and skating over thin ice, or even no ice at all, is one of them. And then I think the French film-makers trust their audiences a little more.

Throughout the film I was reminded of a letter I read many years ago in the columns of *The Saturday Review*, then in its heyday. The writer had overheard this conversation in a Paris café, and had taken it down:

First Cocotte. "Mon ami m'a dit qu'il n'a pour moi que de l'amour platonique. Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?"

Second Cocotte. "Je ne sais pas au juste, mais pour moi ça a l'air d'être quelque sale cochonnerie!"

It is almost painful to sit through this film and watch the struggles of the screen playwrights, Allan Scott and John van Druten, to avoid the use of the word "platonic."

In the new version Ronald Colman is the elderly romantic and Ginger Rogers is the assistant from the Greenwich Village bookshop who decides to take a trial honeymoon prior to the young woman's marriage to a hard-working, preposterously stupid insurance broker. They are to go on this trip "quite nicely, of course" as Miss Jean Cadell's old maid admitted to have been courted in the long ago. The honeymoon is to be one in name only, and the relationship between the honeymooners is to be "impersonal," "experimental," "of the brother-and-sister sort."

The word "platonic" is obviously falling out of the players' mouths, and you can see the immense effort that both make not to use it. Why? Is it that the audiences for whom Hollywood caters is not supposed to know the meaning of the word "platonic," and that Hollywood fears the roar of laughter with which the unknown is always greeted? I suspect something of the sort.

Or can it be that Mr. van Druten remembered a certain luncheon party at the Ivy

Restaurant? This took place on the day after the successful premiere of one of this clever writer's best comedies, and it was perhaps natural that he should be holding forth. He had arrived at the point of saying, with a certain solemnity, that the function of the drama was "to approximate more closely to the novel" when a hand was laid on his arm and Auriol Lee was heard to say quietly: "Hush, darling!" Can it be that after writing the word "platonic"—for he must have written it—Mr. van Druten felt a pull at his sleeve and once more heard the admonitory "Hush, darling"? Whatever the reason the word is not used, and it ought to be.

Now how about the soundness of this film's philosophy? The elderly romantic desires to give this young working girl a taste of the exquisite and expensive side of life which in recollection shall for ever after gild the hum-drum of common existence. I say that this is bosh, and that a tigress which has tasted blood is a non-starter in comparison with the shop-girl who has tasted luxury.

I say that Byron wrote bosh when he said that love was woman's whole existence. Give a woman furs, ropes of pearls, diamond fetters, idiotic gewgaws for hats, and the certainty of being the talk either of the county or of some little tin-pot coterie in Middle Tooting, and she will not know whether her lover is leaning over the back of her chair or hoeing turnips in the back garden. What Byron meant to write was:

"Man's dress is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."

Of course there are exceptions; every woman who reads this with her head fixed in a beauty-parlour contraption half-way between candelabrum and kitchen stove is an exception. Ginger Rogers is an exception; one feels that she could have come through the luxury test and given it a permanent waive. Always provided that she had really cared for the dull insurance bloke.

No, the strength of this film consists in its weakness, its flimsiness, its fantasmagoria. We are not asked seriously to debate whether a girl will find the washtub more bearable because she once sat on the zebra-striped sofa at El Morocco's next to George Jean Nathan and smiled at Lillian Gish. We know that Ginger will not be put to the test because the test will not be put.

The film is charming and escapist because of its spoken wit and, let me be fair, its witty direction. The director is Lewis Milestone, who gave us *Of Mice and Men*, and makes us think that the present film might have been called *Of Butterflies and Women*.

There is a delightful performance by Harry Davenport in a trial scene which, without him, would be much too long.

And did my eyes deceive me? Or did I really see Cissie Loftus, my boyhood's sweetheart and the still unforgotten Peter Pan of thirty-five years ago?



Two Veterans of the Theatre who pleased Mr. Agate in "Lucky Partners"

Harry Davenport, seventy-four-year-old American actor, is the judge in "Lucky Partners." His performance in the court scene draws an approving comment from Mr. Agate in his article this week. Ginger Rogers, the film heroine, is the girl in the big hat. (More pictures of "Lucky Partners" were in last week's issue)

Cissie Loftus, sixty-four-year-old Scottish actress, also caught Mr. Agate's pleased eye in "Lucky Partners" and here she dances primly with the hero, Ronald Colman. She was Peter Pan in 1905, and for many years was a star on the New York stage as well as in London

It's a Way They Seem to
Have in the

"North West Mounted Police"

A Couple of Couples in
Cecil B. De Mille's Latest
Spectacle in Technicolor

Cecil B. de Mille has taken a wild slice of Canadian history as material for his new drama on the grand scale. The Riel Rebellion in the North West Territory in 1885 gives him a story of blazing action, with pioneers, farmers, Cree and Blackfoot warriors, and the Mounted Police as a fighting background to a five-sided love-story. Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard, Preston Foster and Robert Preston are the characters of this passionate pentagon. De Mille produced and directed, and finished his job eight days ahead of schedule, which must be a record feat for a film of this magnitude (there is a cast of over a thousand, and 150 speaking parts). *North West Mounted Police* will celebrate the reopening of the Carlton Cinema next Monday (25th)



Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll are one loving couple in "North West Mounted Police." He is a Texas Ranger who goes northwest to chase a half-breed outlaw, clashes with the Mounted Police. She is the sister of a young Mountie constable whose sergeant is also in love with her

Paulette Goddard and Preston Foster are a not-so-loving couple, since she really adores a junior member of the Mounted Police (Robert Preston) and he really adores the same young man's sister. But her father is the outlaw whom both he and the Texas Ranger are after, so their love-making is good policy



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Festivity

GENERAL and Mrs. Scanlon, new U.S. air representatives, gave a very gay cocktail-party the other day. Their nice modern flat reflects itself backwards and forwards on polite salvers of well-lit mirrors, and the Martinis came gay and often. There was a most successful speciality of the maison: prawns on wooden spikes hedge-hogging around a hollowed cabbage, in which there dwelt a fiery pink sauce to plunge them into.

The Scanlons are beautiful hosts, and had some guests to match, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, she looking fine, safe in pearls and black; Lady Beattie, handsomely set in ermine; one of the More O'Ferralls disguised as an airman; Mr. Terry Weldon, in the same becoming shade of blue, being talked to by Lady Ravensdale; Lady Brownlow, of the little face, with features to scale; Miss Dorothy Dickson, rising above her furs in the sweetest way imaginable, and upholding the English rosebud tradition; Lady Courtney, competing in vivacity with her little scarlet hat; "and others." (My function does not quite include standing at the door with pencil and paper to take incoming names.)

Election Date

It was the eve of the U.S. election, so the party spirit was of two kinds, and there were some enthusiastic gentlemen

from America planning to use the night in waiting for results. One of them, named Saville, is a connoisseur of coffee, and complains no little of what is supplied under that heading over here.

However, he had discovered something sacred in vacuum-packed tins, called Maxwell House coffee, hiding in one of those resourceful little Mayfair grocers. So maybe his life will take a turn for the better from now on.

About Spain

THERE was a very distinguished young Spanish airman at the party, over, with other representatives of his country, to inspect conditions here. His uniform is the same colour as ours, but its "etceteras" far gayer. Golden stars dance freely round the sleeves, glorious enamel brooches and elaborately conceived badges plaster the front, the whole result being rather like the bonnet of a very smart racing car that has won plenty of Grand Prix. He was, of course, a most distinguished young man, spoke perfect English, and had been at school over here.

There is about all Spaniards that suggestion of something in reserve, something remote and unpredictable, that is so characteristic of their strange, violent, beautiful country, of which no really English Englishman could understand more than the rocky surface, or appreciate more than the effect

of warmth and music and colour, which effervesces from the depth and volume of the national life-stream.

Spain is not easy to reproduce in London, but at least there are some of its vividly-coloured tiles, wrought iron, and representative dishes to be found in the restaurant in Swallow Street which Señor Martinez has run so successfully, for so long. The head of a bull on one wall is effective decoration, and makes the elaborately antlered heads we secure for that purpose seem like spindly Victorian jewellery compared with the more bold and chunky modern kind.

Zooing

LIONESSES are very beautiful, and suggest a rather super-version of what we mean by "a blonde." I would not be surprised to see a millionaire impelled by mere association to thrust a diamond bracelet, or nicely gauged cheque, through the bars. Such tawinness and souplesse, such large, devouring, blank and acquisitive eyes! Such bland and tantalising narcissism!

There is one on view at the moment, with three of the most engaging cubs imaginable. No maternal slop, as taught by civilisation, but a virile individualism distinguishes these creatures. The sort of thing that, when displayed by nations, leads to war. Alas!

We seemed to be the only people at the Zoo on the wet Sunday in question, and were avidly welcomed by the dumb occupants, from whom we felt inclined to demand a fee. The keepers were keeping themselves to themselves; when asked what were the current attractions, one said: "There's the young chimpanzee and gorilla, if you're interested in that sort of thing."

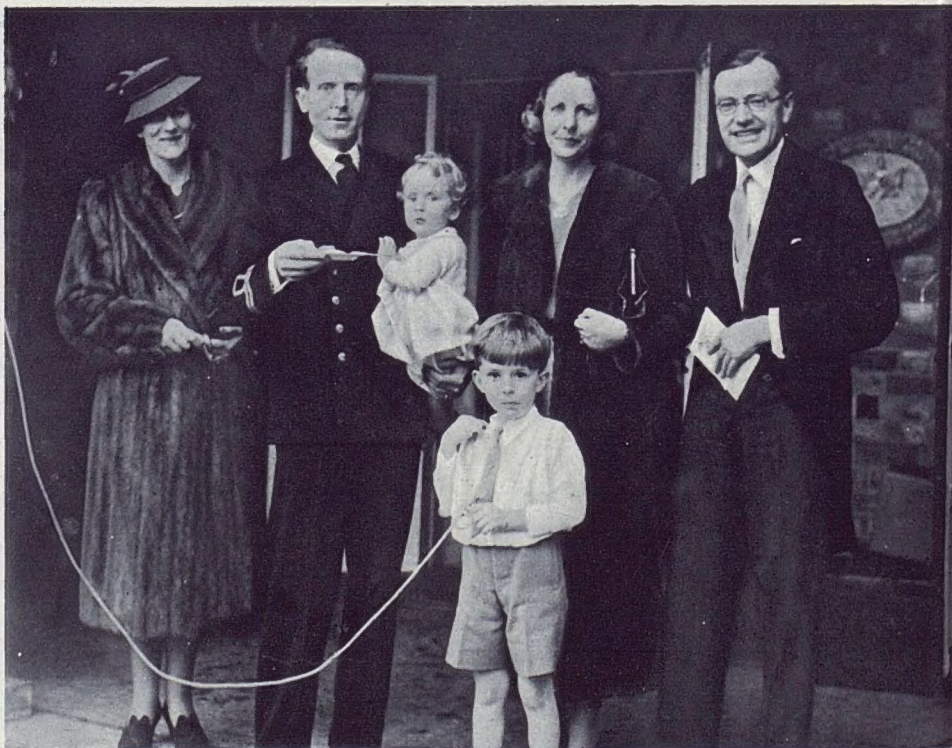
Talented Act

THAT sort of thing proved absorbing. When we arrived chez chimp and gorilla, the latter was giving himself a swing, bundled about with straw which he



Mr. de Laszlo and the Hon. Deborah Greenwood

Mr. Patrick David de Laszlo, fourth son of the late Mr. Philip de Laszlo, and of Mrs. de Laszlo, of Ardeley, Virginia Water, was married at Holy Trinity Church, Hawley, Hants., to the Hon. Deborah Greenwood, second daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Greenwood, of 7, Cambridge Terrace, N.W.1. The bride was given away by her brother, the Hon. Eric Greenwood, owing to the unavoidable absence of her father



Guests at the de Laszlo-Greenwood Wedding

The Bishop of Chichester officiated at the marriage of Mr. Patrick de Laszlo, son of the famous artist, to the Hon. Deborah Greenwood. The reception was held at Hawley Place, lent by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Guinness, where this group of guests was photographed: Mrs. Paul de Laszlo, Mr. Paul de Laszlo, brother of the bridegroom, Ann and Christopher de Laszlo, Mrs. Derek Jackson, and Mr. Marcus Law, who was best man

Swaebe

collected round himself as protection from the cutting qualities of the looped rope which is the swing, while mademoiselle la chimp paced up and down in the foreground, doing a very specialised version of the current hot dance. Followed a dizzying variety of high jinks, with a few lowish ones thrown in, and then back we were with the gentleman on the swing, and she at her old mooching gag.

"This is where we came in," I said. So then we went and had Sunday tea, which included hot croissants, which, with jam, are a good way round butter problems.

Apropos the Dog Milly

ALSO having tea was Mrs. Peter Rodd, with her dog Milly, an intensely engaging character featured in Mrs. Rodd's (Nancy Mitford) book, *Pigeon Pie*. Unlike the rest of us, Milly had not lunched, which meant that her mood was veering towards the ugly, and her ears flipped back and forth with a good deal of meaning while she watched us eat. Mrs. Rodd explained to her about there being a war on, but she sensibly refused to apply it to everyday things, and made her general disapproval felt as definitely as a dowager's at the timid respectability of modern youth.

They are living at Lord Redesdale's Rutland Gate house, now given over to refugees from Stepney. It is one of the few places, where full-pressure gas has been maintained throughout the blitz, although the rest of the neighbourhood has had acute shortages. The Pavlovskys (she was Lady Mary Lygon), a mere street or two away, have been quite cut off, and obliged to have baths at 26, Rutland Gate.

There's always something rather bleak about bathing out, probably entirely because it has never been a habit. Perhaps by the time the war is over it will have become one, and be as indispensable to social life as dining out. Hostesses will vie with one another to produce increasingly exotic baths, soaps, towels, etc., nouveaux riches will achieve distinction and the right circles by the baths they provide, people will say carelessly, when bringing someone of title into their conversation, "I was bathing there last week," and connoisseurs will say of so-and-so: "My dear chap, the best baths in London."

In the Country

IN Westmorland, Mrs. Tony Lowther is being like everyone else, and living in a small house on her husband's large estate.

Lady Castlereagh and her sister, Miss Kitty Combe, are sharing a cottage in Wales, and their sister-in-law, Mrs. Tony Combe, and her children, have been staying with them. Mrs. Combe was Miss Barbara Farquhar, and her mother—what is known as a character—is now Lady Evelyn Malcolm. The Combe children are two darling little girls, and the elder, Georgina, has quite scarlet hair, always an excitement in a family.

In the Park

ON a wet day, during an air raid, Hyde Park can be very like the country. The combined visitation from above of the Huns and the rain clears the ground, and, especially up by the bird sanctuary, an illusion of the woods and fields can be enjoyed.

Those lovely little sucking noises that wet earth makes, the smell of it, the way trees hand down the drips from bough to bough, and the faint difference of shade wetness gives to greenness are the same in London as in the country.



Yorkshire Christening

Major Sir Kenelm and Lady Cayley's fourth daughter was christened Belinda Jane at Brompton Parish Church, with Viscountess Downe as one of her godparents. The Cayleys were married in 1929, live at the Green, Brompton. Sir Kenelm Cayley served in the last war, was taken prisoner in 1915. His wife is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. F. B. Brewis

Foxgloves are one of the nicest things to see in and after rain, they respond to it well. Not that I can remember seeing any of them in the parks. But a jay flew out of the bird sanctuary, and said something pretty nasty to a cat sitting on a bomb-crater, and there is now a piggery (for Victory!) in the nearby police-station.

Dancing

QUITE a lot of dancing still being done, mostly underground. The Forces like nothing so much as a little healthy exercise when they are on leave, though there are complaints about too few good new tunes, the woodpecker, nightingale, and mocking-bird motifs being still insistent.

Bits of roguery, like rough-hewn tree-trunks, still with the bark on, to support the ceiling, are fun and reassuring at one popular place, where Mrs. Anita Bodley was out enjoying herself in a very jaunty hat.

Those soldiers confined to battle-dress and the huge accompanying boots have to be pretty dexterous in managing the latter, which are a bit like miniature tanks, the soles heavily encrusted with steel, and only just not fitted up with caterpillar wheels.

Entertainments

"DIVERSION" is extremely welcome, and justifies its title. Going to a matinée is always rather special, because it recalls the breathless excitement of being taken to the pantomime when very young, most people's first experience of the theatre. Getting through lunch in time was always a feverish obligation. It was several years before I grasped that the performers were "real people": the truth was disillusioning, but a matinée still has a little of the glamour of those earlier, entirely romantic and magic ones.

Vida Hope's plump imbecility as the "Nude on the Dole" was a triumph. And, of course, all the others too; most people have heard about Edith Evans, and Dorothy Dickson's "Nightingale," and the nice thoughts indulged in about a "Nice Rice Shape," by Joan Sterndale Bennett, and



Mr. Phipps and Miss Buchanan

Lieut. Michael Phipps, R.N., elder son of Captain and Mrs. W. D. Phipps, of the Old Vicarage, Badminton, Glos., and Bethia Buchanan, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. L. H. Buchanan, of Drumpellier and Corsewall, and Mrs. Buchanan, of Corsewall, Stranraer, were married at St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh

Joyce Grenfell doing everybody's hated friend in the canteen, and so on, by now.

Mr. Aage Tharup was in the audience. I hope there is still a good demand for hats. It must be difficult to hit off just the right wartime ingredients, implying sobriety with a solidity of foundation, and morale with a plume and banner or two.

Young Ladies

THE film of *Pride and Prejudice* is beautifully done, and it is lovely to enjoy again the plight of Mrs. Bennet with her five daughters. Women certainly were women, in all that teruru of frills and bonnets, and it was very sad to see the amount of time they had for brooding about the young gentlemen.

Still, it is much the same now, of course, and mothers are quite unchanged. Elizabeth, in these days, would undoubtedly have been a career girl, but Darcy would have interrupted all that just as surely. For a bit, anyway. Mothers are rather at a disadvantage at the moment, with a shortage of paddocks for walking their entries around—not even any of the Assembly Room balls that stood the Misses Bennet in such good stead—but there are, after all, still "the officers" scattered impartially through the length and breadth of the country.

Nature Note

THERE has been a fine spanking moon some of these nights, when the clouds have chosen to give it breathing space. Lovely effect on London buildings, softening them and cutting them clear at the same time, as though they were some cakey substance shaped with a very sharp knife. Of course, the enemy had fun, trying to play skittles with them.

A gas-main quite near the Ritz sent up some highly dramatic flames, cocking a snook at the moon, who took no notice at all.

AN APOLOGY

We much regret a mistake in our issue of November 6th, by which Major the Hon. John Jacob Astor, M.P., was confused with his nephew, the Hon. John Jacob Astor, youngest son of Viscount and Viscountess Astor.

Around London...



French Helmet

Mrs. H. A. Sowter wore a French soldier's steel helmet when she went out selling poppies for the Earl Haig Fund on Armistice Day

English Helmet

Miss Mala Brand arrived to lunch at the Ritz with a round pudding-basin tin hat on her head, a soft felt hat in her fur-gloved hand. She is the daughter of Mrs. Simon Brand



Young-Marrieds at Lunch

Captain and Mrs. David Scrymgeour-Wedderburn were lunching together at the Meurice (the underground Quag's). He is in the Scots Guards, is the younger brother of the Hereditary Standard-Bearer of Scotland, Captain H. J. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, M.P.



Thrift Leader

Lord Mottistone was around London on the business of the National Savings Committee, of which he has been chairman since 1926



Miss Audrey Skipwith, out early last Monday on her bicycle, pulled in to the kerb to buy her poppy from Mrs. A. Gundle. She is the daughter of Sir Grey Skipwith by his first wife, Elsie Lady Skipwith



War Driver

Lady Catherine Ramsden was a workmanlike wet-day figure in her oilskin and uniform. She is the Earl of Ancaster's elder daughter and the wife of Sir John Ramsden's heir, in pre-war days spent more time on a horse than with motor engines



On the left is King Zog of Albania, who is now living in England with his wife and small son. With him here are his two sisters. News of Greek successes against his country's conquerors must make him hopeful of the liberation of Albania in the not-too-distant future



Hopeful ex-King and His Sisters



West-End Walkers

Lady Mappin was photographed around lunch-time last week walking with Sec.-Lieut. Charles Harding. She was Ruby Joy Duff before her marriage in 1930 to Sir Charles Mappin



Cartoonist's Wife and War Correspondent

Mrs. Julian Phipps, with Lord Donegall on the right, is the wife of the "Daily Mail" cartoonist. Lord Donegall, who is still the "Sunday Dispatch's" columnist; he is its war correspondent; he went to Finland for his paper and three times to France, leaving Paris for the last time the day before the Germans arrived



Exhibition Visitors: Air Marshal Gossage and Lady Portal

Lady Portal, the Chief of the Air Staff's wife, and Air Marshal E. L. Gossage, Air Member for Personnel, were two celebrities at the opening of the exhibition at Selfridges in aid of the R.A.F. Comforts Fund. Besides war trophies and photographs, there are on view many comforts, games, and so on, to suggest to supporters the kind of thing R.A.F. units receive with pleasure from the Fund



Christmas Shoppers: the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester Buy Crackers

Every year the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops in Brompton Road hold a sale just about the time that provident shoppers are thinking of attacking their Christmas-present lists. The Royal Family have always been good customers, and this year the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were among the first buyers. Crackers were among their purchases. Baskets, which are a speciality of this emporium of war-disabled men's skill, are sure to go well this year, now that parcel-wrappings are not only unpatriotic but often non-existent

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN better days the passing of Paul Fratellini, one of the leading three professional clowns in Christendom, barring Grock and the political and legal worlds, would have evoked some elegant tributes in such papers as the *Figaro* and *Comœdia*; for many serious literary boys since the Goncourts have been fond of clowns, and patronise them heavily. The reason, we've heard, is partly that the boys must needs admire the highest when they see it, and partly that to make a tremendous fuss of clowns and their art irritates other children of the Muses (such as rival bookish idols and star actors) profoundly.

However, everybody admired the Fratellini, Paul, François, and Albert, except, oddly enough, the London Pavilion audience, which didn't like their richly subtle fooling and gave them the only bird of a long career some years ago; but at the Cirque d'Hiver they were gods and all Paris loved them.

We shall always count it an honour, spending a memorable evening at the Cirque with E. V. Lucas, to have been invited to write a little whatnot in their *Livre d'Or*, which is full of tributes from Bernhardt and Réjane and the Guitrys, diplomats and Ministers and hostesses and members of the Academy and other headline boys and girls. Their old friend Lucas afterwards bought the Fratellini a glittering expensive new accordion, which they probably use now.

WE admired these clowns even more because they were, and doubtless are, extremely rich and realist, being clever on

the Bourse and full of financial acumen and that old French frugality.

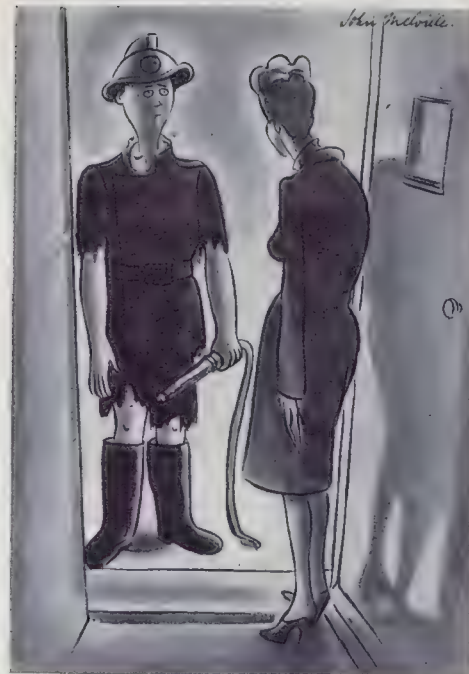
What a refreshing finale to the Prologue of *Pagliacci* (we've always thought) if the stricken clown, after going maudlin about his wife and other domestic troubles, suddenly cheered up and sang very loudly, breaking into a merry dance, that at any rate he had 500,000 francs in gilt-edged and Government 3 per cents. and a couple of streets of houses. *Vesti la giubba* in a pig's eye! Any decent audience would go half-crazy.

Trap

GERMAN propaganda's new tendency to admit now and then just a tiny weak fraction of the truth, relatively speaking, in communiqués about the R.A.F. shows that Goebbels' tricks are not yet exhausted. This judicious mixture is the essence of skilful deceiving.

The most striking recent example we can think of is that devilish parody of a *Times* crossword devised by Sir Max Beerbohm for private circulation a little time ago, with most—but not all—of the clues leading nowhere. Had this been sent to the *Times* and published it would inevitably have driven masses of serious-minded solvers straight into the loony-bin, lured to perdition by the half-dozen clues which were genuine.

Auntie *Times* affected to laugh the whole thing off in a leading article as a typical Beerbohm *jeu d'esprit*, but you could see the old trot was badly shaken—remembering,



"I've been fired, dear"

perhaps, that spoof Kipling doggerel somebody put across her in the last war, for which catastrophe a number of white-bearded venerables, they say, were subsequently shot in the Inner Courtyard at Printing House Square, shrieking in vain to the Poetry Editor for mercy.

Boost

ROOTING for the Greeks with as good heart as anybody, we can't help feeling nevertheless that some of the more excitable Press boys are apt to get their bearings overheated—e.g., the *Daily Express* leader-writer, who claimed rather surprisingly the other day that "losing Greece, Europe sank into the ages of darkness. Two thousand three hundred years later the nations of Europe began to think again."

So much for the mental effort of such Dagoes as Aquinas and Dante and Suarez (who founded International Law), the pitiful endeavours of the builders of the Gothic Cathedrals, and a few more barbarians.

However, it is churlish to grumble at the vivacious Fleet Street boys, whom we love, and whose newest toy always annihilates its predecessors. It will be a bit more difficult for them to go haywire in this manner over Turkey, we feel, if and when she joins us in arms.

But don't let us depress you. The boys will soon find something to boost to the skies, bless their warm hearts, thanks to native common sense and, to some extent, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

IT would be a hard, cold world without these enthusiasms, and whenever we hear a critical chap sniffing at our fellow-craftsmen we want to sock him one. Especially when he tells a celebrated Fleet Street story and tells it wrong, as a highbrow did last week in a new book.

The true version, vouched for by a cloud of witnesses, is this: a busy little sub-departmental head was leaving his room, with his little bowler hat on, when the telephone-bell rang. The journalist picked up the receiver. "Lord Boom speaking," rasped a masterful voice, the voice of his Owner. "Yes, my lord?" said the journalist, hastily removing his hat.

(Concluded on page 282)



"Well, I think it's one of theirs"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Take the first to the right for 'Gib, mate, after yer reach Morocco!"

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Footnote

THAT is probably the Fleet Street Alpha-Plus Story. There is an Alpha-Plus Story—just one, supreme and apart—for most of the professions. We trust you know the stage one? It can (and will, by Gad!) never be told too often.

An acquaintance stopped a West End actor in Piccadilly and said sympathetically: "I saw you at poor old X's memorial service yesterday. You looked terribly cut up." "Dear boy," said the actor, pressing his arm, "you should have seen me at the graveside."

Fuss

THE growing pother over looting from bombed shops and houses seems to us rather odd—one sourpuss critic has even gone so far as to drag in one of the Ten Commandments—and in direct conflict with Modern Thought, not to say the imperial outlook of Slogger Kipling, who wrote a merry poem about the "Lu-Lu-Loot" and Tommy's bayonet probing the chinks, and thought it great fun.

Theft and scrounging are two utterly different things, as every soldier knows, and as an infantry officer was at pains to explain to the magistrates the other day. Even then the scroungee is apt to contradict this at times.

One of the flaws in the Auld Alliance in St. Joan's time was the habit of Scots men-at-arms of pinching wine-skins, fowls, and

sheep wholesale, which made the French peasantry very angry. Unfavourable remarks by the same peasantry on the same topic were sometimes heard in the last war also.

BUT any scrounging in the Great War, or this one, is mere chicken-feed compared with the looting of the Summer Palaces at Peking after the Boxer Rising in the 1900's, when—an elderly diplomat once told us—you could see ladies of impeccable upbringing and high principle attached to the Legations staggering away bent absolutely double under huge Ming vases, priceless jade, ivories, silks, tapestries, and Mercury, God of Thieves, alone knows what. This is probably one sufficient answer to the squeaks of the anti-loot purists.

A still more powerful one is that the boys and girls who snap up the stuff are merely practising Commerce on a small scale, and if this were frowned on, what the devil would happen to the City?

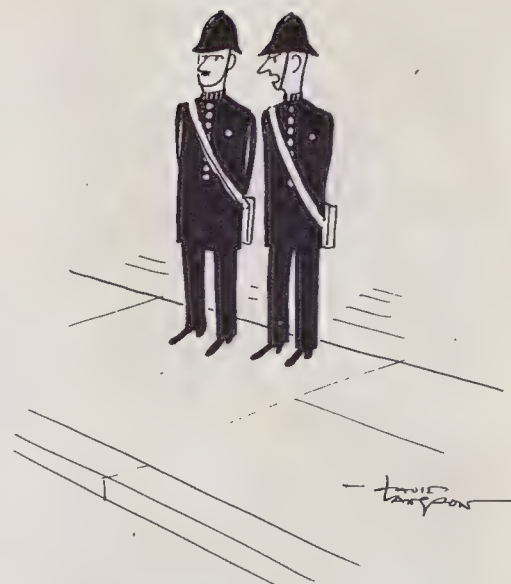
Lament

As if the Boche had not already sufficient crimes of every calibre on his conscience (to coin a word), he must needs now, it seems, clap P. G. Wodehouse into a concentration-camp: the kindest, most charming, most harmless literary genius who ever blackened paper, as even those millions of fans in this country and America who don't know him personally are abundantly aware.

People who do know Wodehouse are chiefly sick because it was quite possible to have got him out of Le Touquet in time if it hadn't been for his sunny, incurable optimism.

MAYBE the Gestapo has now combed the Ukridge and Mul-liner series and found cunning attacks on the Nazi régime carefully wrapped up in that joyous chortling? Ideological maniacs in Russia have long ago discovered and deleted subversive matter in Hans Andersen, that well-known mouth-piece of the anti-proletarian bourgeoisie, so it may be possible. We can almost see a cluster of shaven square-heads with gimlet eyes bent over the Lord Emsworth series, trying to decide whether that lavish praise of that fat-headed peer's prize sow, "Empress of Blandings," is or is not an ironic crack at some Nazi overlord or other. (It obviously isn't, Lord Emsworth's darling being one of the most charming animals in fiction).

But whether or not this is the trouble, can you see any decent enemy of Great Britain in history punishing a Wodehouse like this? The Spaniards would have treated him like a hidalgo and conveyed him to the nearest



"What gets me is that we're ordinary and they're special . . ."

neutral frontier with an escort of gentlemen, the French would undoubtedly have done the same, and the Scots would have sold him back to us, like Charles the First, after some bargaining, for a reasonable sum. Alas!

Crack

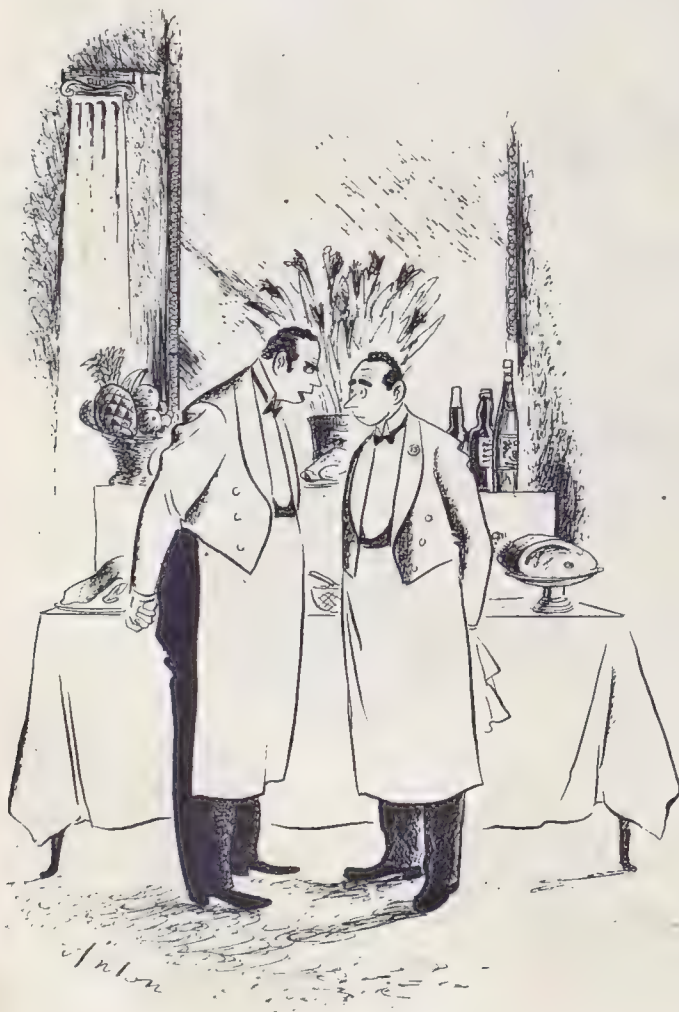
THE *Times'* Stockholm correspondent recently quoted a story which he says is going the rounds, sotto voce, of Berlin air-raid shelters. A Berliner sentenced to death for a black-out offence begged to be executed by the Flak (anti-aircraft guns). His request was granted, and after three days under constant fire he died of inflammation of the lungs.

This jape shows that among other benefits conferred, the R.A.F. is certainly brightening up German humour. Two or three more years of intensive British bombing and some of those blond playboys may be qualified for *Punch*, a connoisseur tells us, if not for that special Comic Supplement some fans keep wistfully demanding from time to time.

WHICH reminds us, as a dogged student of the clean fun papers, that hardly any jokes are being made as yet, so far as we can see, about the War Profiteer, whose encounters with a new, alarming, civilised life were a constant standby in the Great War. It's a bit early to judge, until the first big crop of wartime contract scandals bobs up, whether there are as many profiteers in this war. Maybe there are, but they may have a new technique; and in any case the modern architect has already defeated some of their more bravura gestures—for example, you can hardly get one concert grand, let alone two or three, into the drawing-room of the average 1940 luxury flat.

Which reminds us (again) that we conjectured some time ago that sahibs couldn't horse-whip cads in a bijou flat. We erred. A special telescopic horsewhip in six lengths is on the market and sold by most May-fair saddlers and fancy-goods shops. Cads have also changed, a sahib tells us. Having punished one for speaking lightly of a woman's name, he found the cad selling him a vacuum cleaner. "Trade follows the Flog," said the cad laughingly.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I think one of my tables is a spy"



An Autumn Evening in London

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

An Enchanting Fantasy

SAY what you will, most people live in a world of fantasy. I know I do. I like to believe in all kinds of things which my more logical mind realises do not exist. I find the secret game of Let's Pretend very comforting—silly though it may be if, so to speak, you regard it from the point of view of Monday morning, with the 8.45 train to catch. But then, I am rarely adverse from so-called wasted time. And in my opinion there are many better ways of killing time than destroying it by reading a novel or chatting brightly all about nothing to Mabel Blithering.

I am very fond of my secret life, which is, but only in a blissful way, just far enough removed from actuality as to be a kind of faint shadow of it. Only the more important facts are worth looking straight in the face unflinchingly; the rest can be looked over, or looked around, or else decked out with such imaginary flowers as to be scarcely recognisable. So you can get on peacefully within yourself, leading a double life which nobody knows anything about and which consequently no person can intrude upon without warning.

After all, if everybody knew the whole truth about themselves—which, happily, no one can tell us, since life is just one long contradiction, crammed with justifiable alibis—existence would be well-nigh unendurable. Or it might possibly be more endurable, because, when we appear so much more lovable to others than we appear to ourselves—which of us is right?

Let's Pretend

ANYWAY, life without a lot of secret fantasy would be almost as dreary as a cement wall. Only, of course, it mustn't be too ridiculously fantastic; otherwise we get dictators and people with swelled heads, and fanatics and those who believe their personality to be quite irresistible. Briefly, bores in actuality or in embryo. In fact, the only real danger while playing the game of Let's Pretend (because it is annoying when an outsider is expected to take part; annoying, that is, to the outsider) is to keep, metaphorically speaking, at least one imagined toe on solid earth. Otherwise, you're simply back in the middle of a fairy-story. But should, let us say, a couple of "ifs" stand between you and happiness, then, in imagination, jump over the "ifs" sometimes.

There is usually a delightful land of peace and refreshment to be discovered on the other side; and when you must perforce jump back again—well, you've had your fictitious moment, anyway!

A Moving Story

WELL, this one-toe-on-solid-earth makes Mr. Frank Baker's fantasy, *Miss Hargreaves* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.), one of the most amusing and, at the same time, moving stories I have come across for a long time.

One false step and, like so many fantasies, the tale would have fallen into frank absurdity. But that false step is never taken, and the result is a mingling of smiles and laughter, with more than a hint of tears on

occasion—which all fantasies should hold, since, after all, they are born more often of sorrow than of fun. You don't need the refuge of fantasy when life has made happily smooth the way before you.

The plot is queer, but I found it fascinating. Two young men, rather bored by a holiday in Northern Ireland, invent an imaginary character, partly to amuse themselves, but chiefly to mystify the local sexton. To this character they give the name of Miss Constance Hargreaves.

They begin it all in fun, but the boredom of a wet afternoon encourages them to take this fun one funnier step farther. They sit down and write a letter to this imaginary woman and address it to an imaginary address, inviting her to stay with one of them on his return to England.

Tampering with the Supernatural

IMAGINE their astonishment when Miss Hargreaves not only replies, but accepts the invitation! She arrives, preceded by an enormous amount of luggage, including, among other things, a hip-bath, of which one of her creators had made her the proud possessor. Briefly, the imaginary character which these two young men had invented for their own amusement and for the interest of the sexton becomes a real person, and from her there is no escape for either of them except by re-creating her, so to speak, in another fashion. And, for the moment, that is too late. For, all unknowingly, they had tampered with the supernatural, and the consequences turn out to be both bitter and tragic.

And yet both the bitterness and the tragedy are mixed with a kind of ludicrous entertainment. The story is at once charming and funny and yet sad. A kind of forlorn truth lurks behind the fantasy, and one is left wondering vaguely if it is not also a kind of parable. In any case, here is an unusual and haunting story which makes you laugh and sometimes makes you feel as if dry tears are not very far off.

Stories with Good Backgrounds

FOR me, a good background can often more than compensate for a banal story. So long, of course, as the author knows his background well. Given a convincing background, often the characters will take on a life which the things they say and do deny them. Therefore, to me the scenery, so to speak, of F. Horace Rose's *Bride of Kalahari* (Duckworth; 8s. 3d.) and Miss Noel Streatfield's novel, *The Winter is Past* (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is the best part about both of them. Mr. Rose's descriptions of Africa and the desert and the native tribes who inhabit it, are so good that you feel more than sufficiently interested to follow the adventures of a man who left everything to go in search of a woman who had been lost for over twenty years.

Miss Streatfield's background is that of English family life, and it is so typical that, when the story comes to an end, it is rather as if with regret you had closed a familiar front-door behind you. She knows her people and she knows their lives; so she creates a convincing picture of what happened to them during the months which came before and immediately followed the outbreak of war.

This is a nice, domestic kind of tale, with amusing characters doing and thinking and acting like any ordinary family would think and act. Besides, there is an utterly charming portrait of an old Nannie, and I know no one who can portray that dearest among all family friends so perfectly, with so much love as well as human entertainment,

(Concluded on page 286)



Canteen Eating

The Dowager Lady Reading, head of the Women's Voluntary Services, made a tour of air-raid shelter canteens one night recently, ate a sandwich at one of her stops for inspection. The W.V.S. have now added shelter canteening to the vast list of the activities they have taken on since war began



Canteen Drinking

Princess Helena Victoria drank a cup of tea at one of the two mobile canteens presented to her, as president of the National Women's Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A., by the Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham as chairman of the Girl Guides' Executive Committee. Empire Guides have raised £50,000 as a war effort gift

An Artist and His Actress Wife

R. O. Dunlop and Rosalind
Iden at Work in Leatherhead
and in London

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



R. O. Dunlop very often paints his beautiful fair-haired wife, who is actress Rosalind Iden. She appears on the right in this big picture of a summer afternoon at Kew



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop for the last two and a half years has been at Leatherhead. Here the artist poses for the photographer at his studio window

ARTIST R. O. Dunlop describes his own work as "modern and impressionistic, bridging various schools of painting." As chairman of the London Group he is one of the leaders of the younger English painters, though not of the most experimental or revolutionary. He is a member of the New English Art Club, and is also accepted in English painting's "Tory party" as an A.R.A. Examples of his recent work have been on show for the last three weeks at the Cooling Galleries in New Bond Street, where the London Group, ignoring air-raid risks, opened its 38th exhibition on October 31st. Other pictures of his hang more permanently—or did before the war—in collections for which they have been purchased by the Contemporary Art Society, and in the galleries of Leeds, Bradford, Hull and Newcastle. Five years ago Dunlop married Rosalind Iden, and for the last two and a half years he and she have made their home at Leatherhead in Surrey, where these photographs of Dunlop were taken



The self-portrait which almost every artist paints at least once stands on Dunlop's easel here. The mirror, however, reflects the painter at a different angle

Rosalind Iden is Lady Anne to Donald Wolfitt's Richard of Gloster in a scene from "Richard III," for which they were dressed and made up in the picture below



Studies of Mrs. Dunlop hang on the wall, stand on mantel and book-shelves

ACTRESS Rosalind Iden, R. O. Dunlop's wife, is the daughter of Iden Payne, director of the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. She trained as a dancer with Karsavina and Ninette de Valois, and was for some time responsible for the choreography at Stratford. For the last three years she has been working with Donald Wolfitt in his Shakespearean productions and is now appearing with him in his excellent lunchtime programmes of Shakespeare at the Strand Theatre. The ambition of Wolfitt and his company is to make this a permanent feature of the capital's wartime life, so that it can one day be said of Londoners: "They built deep shelters, they sent their children to safety, and they kept one theatre open where the words of their national poet could be heard every day"



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

as Miss Streatfield. Everybody who has ever had such an old dear in his family will know how well she draws her.

Elsewhere, however, there is the family of the Vidlers, who were evacuated from London to the home of the Lawrences and landed at Levet, to astonish and to be astonished. Mrs. Vidler, from Deptford, alone makes the story worth reading as well. Her attitude towards the cook and the maids, her husband and children, and also towards her host and hostess, is so naturally done that we might be in the same house with her—alternately liking and disliking that domestic arrangement as we always do when we live in any house with anybody.

Perhaps the story is a little too long, or it may be that it begins too slowly for a domestic chronicle of its kind, but once well in the swim, so to speak, it becomes completely enjoyable; especially for those who like to read of somebody else's trials and tribulations in wartime, with a purely domestic and familiar background thrown in.

Over Again

EVERYBODY, especially the old or elderly, believes that if only they could live over again, knowing already what life has taught them, they would not only achieve wisdom, but find happiness. I like to believe so myself. Except that I have come to the conclusion that so long as I live I shall always be learning, and some of the lessons learnt in the past have continually to be learned all over again. Because, a mistake never looks like a mistake until you are so involved in it that the only escape from its thralldom is to endure once again to the bitter end—whatever it may be.

So long as we remain as we are, we shall never escape life's traps. Wisdom, in many instances, is only another name for

satiety or incompetence. We can always see the folly of so many things for which we have no inclination. The folly of those things for which we do feel inclined doesn't look in the least foolish until we have committed them. That is why I secretly believe that life lived all over again would very much resemble the life we are now living; only entered through another door. Yet, perhaps, a sense of true values might be more acute; since we waste so many years in the discovery of the futility of those things which, in our ignorance, we had been taught to revere in almost a sacred sense.

A Delightful Book

So, although I agree up to a point with Mrs. Esther Meynell, who, in her most delightful book, *A Woman Talking* (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.), writes: "It is only after living a fair proportion of one's life that one really knows what are the things that matter, the things that will remain unto the end," I, myself, would add only a "proportion" of those things, too. And yet, I do agree with that unconsciously expressed regret of all thinking elderly people—and I write "thinking elderly people" because I have met so many who never seem to have thought for themselves at all since first they began to question the "gooseberry bush" explanation—that when one has really begun to understand oneself and the true values of life, it is just too late to do anything much about it.

A Woman's Memories

FOR a woman of marked individuality, Mrs. Meynell had, or it seems to me she had, an ideal upbringing; even though educationalists would disown it and, as she herself states, it surely fitted her to fail in the most elementary school examination. At the age of eight she had such a serious illness that she was exempted from ever going to school. With the result that she worked hard at the subjects which really interested her and these subjects became the main interest of her later life.

Not, perhaps, that such a method would be successful with every child; but in her case, and in the case of most children who are not by nature fitted to conform to pattern, it encouraged individuality of outlook and the facing of facts from an individual angle.

What she loved she studied, and what she studied she has never ceased to love. Her book of memoirs is divided under three headings—people, books and country things. Music being her absorbing passion—music and books and country things, rather than people. For me, this division is not only charming, but illuminating. It shows us all sides of her many-sided interests, because she makes such things as cottages and pigs and ploughs and country sights and sounds as all-important to her inner-happiness as books and what some may call the more vital and serious side of an intellectual life.

As for the section devoted to people, any number of interesting names appear, to explain many quiet but deep friendships; much quiet but profound love. But especially among books—books little known to the majority of readers—she is enchanting to read. And with her talk of books there go some charming descriptions of certain bookshops and authors now half, or completely, forgotten; while the funeral of Thomas Hardy and her picture of the Wordsworths are lovely pieces of descriptive writing. Indeed, the great charm of a most charming book is the curiosity, plus the many-sided interests, she brings to life itself and to life's experiences.

Only the banal and the conventional she passes by indifferently. As such things should be passed by, and as wise people would pass them by if life, so to speak, granted to them a "new edition." And because Mrs. Meynell is so sincere and so independent in her judgments, an extraordinary atmosphere of inner-happiness is conveyed in her memoirs. From them most of us will also glean wisdom and perhaps catch a little of that happiness, while reading a most delightfully written book.



Visionary

Fred Fowler, a sixty-six-year-old Sussex shepherd, has come into the news because he and other villagers of Fittle, near Lewes, claim to have seen a vision over the Sussex Downs. "It was the likes of which I never see before," is his reported comment. What he and his fellow seers say they had was a vision of Christ and six angels



Topical Toby Jug

A new Winston jug has just been designed to join the vast array of Toby Fillpots or Philpots that have been offered to drinkers and collectors during the last 150 years. C. Tim Brown, a young sculptor, is the designer. He has sat his Prime Minister very determinedly down, given him his most pugnacious expression, a cigar and a very tall hat

The Theatre Goes Rural

A Lonsdale Comedy in an Old Barn in Buckinghamshire

Although thirty-three out of fifty theatres and music halls in London have applied for renewal of their L.C.C. licences, barely half a dozen of them are at the moment "in commission." One show which might have been rehearsing itself to a dark-sheeted auditorium but instead was being played through and through in a heart-of-the-country setting, is *On Approval*. This Lonsdale comedy, produced in London in 1927 and revived in 1933, has now gone out on the crowded provincial theatre road. With Diana Churchill, Cathleen Nesbitt, Barry K. Barnes and Roland Culver as its cast, it opened in Edinburgh on Monday. For rehearsals, the Barnes were lent a large, converted barn in Buckinghamshire by Mrs. Archie Pelham-Burn, in a corner of which they lived for several weeks. Cathleen Nesbitt, whose country home is at Penn, not far off, came over every day for rehearsals



Cast of "*On Approval*" consists of Cathleen Nesbitt, Barry K. Barnes, Roland Culver, Diana Churchill. The lackadaisical attitude of the men here was not due to a collapse of working morale but to the demands of the producer. Cathleen Nesbitt a week or two ago was playing *Lady Macbeth* in Donald Wolfelt's lunch-time Shakespeare season at the Strand



Winter jasmine (or something very like it) grows on the lovely old brick-and-timber barn which was the home and theatre, for a brief spell, of these two stars, Barry K. Barnes and his wife, Diana Churchill

Producer of "*On Approval*" is Irene Hentschel, discussing a scene with Diana Churchill on the right. Miss Hentschel (in private life Mrs. Ivor Brown, wife of the dramatic critic) came south not long ago from Blackpool, where she had been producing "*Plays and Music*"



Camp beds were nothing to do with the show but everything to do with the private life of Mr. and Mrs. Barry K. Barnes, who lived very cosily in a corner of the great barn while "*On Approval*" was rehearsed. Their last pre-blitz show was "*The Body Was Well Nourished*"





Dogs Under Discipline at Exercise

Four soldiers, who are helping in the training of dogs for the Army, take them out exercising. They must always be kept under discipline; must walk on the left side of the handler, without a lead, and keep in single file. This picture shows two Alsations, a Labrador, and a cross breed



Good Feeling Between Master and Dog

The British are renowned for their love of animals in general and of dogs in particular. This instructor gets a warm but wet welcome from Major his Labrador pupil

"Hounds of Spring"

The British Army Experiment in Training Dogs for Purposes of Patrol



Companions in the Same Cause

Kim, the Alsation, looks ready to start any new form of training. Alsations can be taught almost anything, and enjoy their work. They can be trained to disarm a man and bring back his weapon



Supper Time for Don

The fighting breed of dog provides the most suitable type for training in patrol work—Alsation, Labrador, or Airedale crossed with Labrador, to which latter category Don belongs, or any mongrel of terrier origin



Don Detects an Enemy in the Bracken

Properly trained, a dog can be taught to distinguish between a friend or a foe in hiding, and can scent a man where no trail exists at 150 yards or more



An Enemy is Scented

In lovely country, amidst bracken and trees, the training of the possible future Canine Army of Great Britain is taking place

The British Army is conducting experiments into the suitability of using dogs for the purpose of patrol work. A number of dogs of different breeds are under training. No individual breed is favoured, but it is usually the fighting breed that provides the best material: an Alsation, a Labrador, an Airedale crossed with a Labrador, or any mongrel of terrier origin with some sobering influence in his veins. Although both the Germans and the French were known to be using canine "auxiliaries" for a long time, the British Army has not as yet employed dogs in this war. However, modern warfare shows that a dog's keen senses can be of considerable use to the soldier. With the menace of parachutists dropping behind the lines, possibly dressed up in British uniform, the dog's powers of detecting friend from foe would be invaluable. They would also be of great use in fighting and discovering patrols of any force that might gain a temporary foothold in this country. Some of the Home Guard are using specially trained war dogs, and it has been found that dogs of all kinds can be trained for the important work of carrying messages

Discovery Imminent

Hidden in the bracken, at a distance of about 150 yards, the "enemy" imagines himself safe, but the dog is already on the scent and from his pointing the patrol get the necessary information





Caroline Hawke and Her Great-Uncle's Cricket Balls

Standing beneath the portrait of her great-uncle, the famous Yorkshire cricketer, seventh Lord Hawke, is Caroline Ina Maude Hawke, three-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Hawke. She is holding two record-making cricket balls, one with which her great-uncle's county (Yorkshire) team bowled Notts for 13 runs, the other with which the same team, captained by him, scored 887 against Warwickshire



The First Lord Hawke, a Celebrated Sailor, hangs over the mantelpiece, by which sit Lady Hawke and Caroline, daughter of Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, "signally defeated the French off Belleisle" rests in the picture hangs on the wall to the right, and his sea chest which stood in Nelson's cabin

The Past and the Present

Lady Hawke and Her Two Children
among the Old Pictures and Naval
and Cricketing Relics at Faygate Place



Caroline and Her Baby Sister, Annabel

Lord and Lady Hawke's second daughter was born at the end of August, and was christened Annabel at Rusper Parish Church in October. Caroline is delighted with the new arrival, and they make an engaging pair



Above the Fireplace

portrait of the first Baron, who, as 1759. The sword upon which his hand stand below his portrait. To the the Victory at the time of Trafalgar

At Faygate Place in Surrey, Lord and Lady Hawke have a delightful home, full of lovely furniture and many interesting relics inherited through many generations from the time of their famous ancestor, Admiral Sir Edward Hawke. One of the pictures shown here is of the Battle of Quiberon Bay, by the celebrated naval painter, Wyllie. This decisive battle, at which the French Fleet was destroyed, and fear of invasion ended, was brought by Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hawke, first peer and ancestor of the present Lord Hawke, to a victorious conclusion in the dusk of a November evening in 1759. It was fought in a raging gale in the shallow waters of a lee shore. Its daring and strategy are considered by naval historians unequalled in history, even by Trafalgar. Admiral Hawke retired to England in 1760, which ended his services at sea. He became First Lord of the Admiralty in 1766, and was made a peer as Baron Hawke of Towton ten years later. Some hundred years after his death another Lord Hawke brought fame to the family name, but in more peaceful battles. Relics and records of the great Yorkshire cricketer's feats are also among the treasures at Faygate Place, to which the ninth Lord Hawke succeeded last year

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Family Likeness

Right: another portrait of a distinguished ancestor hangs above Lady Hawke and her two little girls. The famous Admiral Sir Edward Hawke is shown as a child with his mother. There is a strong family likeness between Caroline and the small boy in the picture



Wyllie Painted This Battle Picture

Wyllie's magnificent picture of the Battle of Quiberon Bay makes a dramatic background for young Lady Hawke. She was Ina Mary Faure Walker before her marriage in 1934, the daughter of the late Henry Faure Walker, of Highley Manor, Balcombe, Sussex. Her husband, who succeeded his father last year, is now working at the Ministry of Economic Warfare





The earnest young shop assistant, Arthur Kipps, takes evening classes in woodcarving. His teacher is a lovely society girl, Helen Walsingham, and Kipps soon finds his teacher more enthralling than her lessons. (Michael Redgrave and Diana Wynyard)



Friend in need is Chitterlow, an actor (Arthur Riscoe). He makes Kipps drunk which gets the young man the sack, but also gives him the newspaper cutting by which Kipps discovers his unknown father has left him a fortune

"Kipps" in the Making

Michael Redgrave is the "Little Man" Hero in the New Film Version of H. G. Wells' 1905 Novel

The filming of *Kipps* was begun in mid-September during an air raid. But the re-creation of Wells' brilliant picture of the peaceful England of 1905 has proceeded since then with only an hour or two's interruption as indicated by roof-spotters. Michael Redgrave has taken enthusiastically to his part as the timid, blundering shop assistant who strayed into a world above his station, but escaped in time and went back to his

childhood's sweetheart, to settle down with her into cosy, lower-middle-class obscurity. Diana Wynyard plays Kipp's fiancée Helen, and Phyllis Calvert, the new find of British films, plays Kipps' sweetheart. The rest of a fine cast is headed by Helen Haye who was Helen on the stage in 1912 and is now Helen's mother. Carol (Night Train to Munich) Reed is directing, and Cecil Beaton designed the clothes



First love of Kipps is Ann Pornick whose father keeps the next shop to Kipps' uncle Edward's store. Before it is too late Kipps recovers from his infatuation with the society beauty, breaks his engagement, and marries Ann after all (Phyllis Calvert)



Old pals of Kipps are Buggins and Pierce who inopportunately turn up when he is out with his fiancée and a friend and cover him with embarrassment by their free and easy manners. Buggins and Pierce (at the back) are Edward Rigby and Mackenzie Ward. In the deck-chairs are Mr. Coote (Max Adrian), Helen (Diana Wynyard) and Kipps (Michael Redgrave)



The proud girl with whom Kipps has fallen in love accepts his stumbling proposal now that he is a young man of fortune, and he and Helen become engaged



Shop assistants who knew Kipps in his struggling days and won't have any high-flown nonsense from him when he's rich are Miss Mergle (Hermione Baddeley), Flo Bates who has a come-hither eye (Betty Ann Davies) and Pierce (Mackenzie Ward)



The bandstand at Folkestone in 1906 was a meeting place for fashionable visitors as well as for humbler summer trippers. It was reconstructed for the film from a photograph



Harlip

Married on Friday: the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt

Captain the Hon. Ronald Strutt and Miss Zara Mainwaring, who announced their engagement in October, were married last Friday at Chelsea Old Church. He is the eldest son and heir of Lord Belper, and is in the Coldstream Guards. His mother, Lord Belper's first wife, is the Countess of Rosebery; his only sister is the Duchess of Norfolk. Mrs. Strutt is the younger daughter of the late Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bt., and Lady Mainwaring, and is twenty-three, five years younger than her husband. Her father, who died in 1934, used to own a very beautiful place in Cheshire, Peover Hall. Her mother is the daughter of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, Bt., of Penrhyn, Carnarvonshire, and the late Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley

Mothers and Daughters



Countess John de Bendor
and Catherine Jane

Catherine Jane de Bendor was born last April. Her mother was married two years earlier to Count John de Bendor, who was then still more familiarly thought of as John de Forest. His father, formerly Baron de Forest, became Hereditary Count de Bendor of Bendor, in the Principality of Lichtenstein, in 1936. Countess John de Bendor was Lady Patricia Douglas, and is the only daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry and Lady (James) Dunn

Lady Rosemary Nutting and Davina

Davina Rosemary Enid Nutting is the three-months-old daughter of Mr. Edward and Lady Rosemary Nutting. Her father is the second son of Sir Harold and Lady Nutting, of Queenby Hall, Leicestershire. Her mother is the daughter of the late Earl of St. Germans, and Lady Blanche Douglas. Her godparents include her aunt, Lady Cathleen Eliot, her uncle, Captain John Nutting, and her great-aunt, the Duchess of Beaufort. Her father was abroad on active service when her christening took place in September

Photographs by Bassano
and Miss Compton Collier



The Hon. Mrs. Patrick Ogilvie-Grant and Geraldine Jeanet

Geraldine Jeanet Ogilvie-Grant, born in June this year, is the first child of Lord Strathspey's son and heir and his New Zealand wife, whom he married in 1938. Mrs. Ogilvie-Grant was Alice Bowe, daughter of the late Francis Bowe, of Timaru. Her husband's family have lived in or been connected with New Zealand for several generations. Lord Strathspey, like his brother, the late Earl of Seafield, whom he succeeded in the Strathspey barony and as 31st Chief of the Clan Grant, was brought up and married there. The young Ogilvie-Grants made their home after their marriage at Amesbury, in Wiltshire



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"... that Sups With the Devil!"

THE one thing which the upright man, whose death is mourned by political friend and foe alike, never comprehended was that "he must have a long spoon that sups with the Devil." Neville Chamberlain had about as much chance with Hitler as an ortolan would have with a King Cobra.

Münchener Bier

VERY excellent it is, especially in the small hours, after a dance, and backed up by grilled bones, Turkey ones for preference, and an omelette with a green chilli or so minced up in it. I suggest to a Notorious Personage that the next time he wants any at the place of origin he should change his house of call. The Löwenbräu Keller may be very good, but the old rule "third time lucky" may not work out in practice. Hitler has had two narrow squeaks, so why not try the historic Hofbräu Haus next time that he feels the urge to scream? It would be as well, however, not to let the R.A.F. know of the change in locale. The Hofbräu, as so many people know, has the second biggest cask in the world, the biggest beer cask, for the one in Heidelberg University is full of that excellent wine which is one of Baden's leading industries. I have only seen the big barrel at the Hofbräu, but an expert authority assures me that the contents of the Heidelberg one are as good in their own way as those of the mammoth at Munich. Even the cheapest wine in those parts is very good, especially when icy cold on a hot day in summer.

Dead Men Tell no Tales!

SUCH is the popular fallacy, but how many dead men have hanged how many living ones by the neck till they also are

dead? Another popular fallacy at this moment is that nothing that is not 1940 counts in this tremendous equation. To believe that would be myopic. One of the dead men who is now telling his tale is a person who died a violent death in 465 B.C. Xerxes was murdered. In these notes a short time ago it was suggested that it would repay anyone who cares a tinker's malediction about anything outside the

Gentlemen Rankers

THE life of the gentleman ranker these days, when everyone has to go through it, may not be quite so arduous as it used to be in times which are not very ancient, but it is never very easy going or roses all the way. The first-class quality of the training which such an experience gives has never been questioned, and never will be. There was no École Militaire in the days of

the greatest soldier of all time. Everyone in the Napoleonic Army had to graduate from the very rough school of the ranks, and from this fact may have emerged the Little Corporal's saying that every soldier carried a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack. Napoleon thoroughly believed in putting 'em through the hoop, because he had travelled that road himself. The original of "Brigadier Gerard" (Lt.-General Baron Marcellin de Marbot) was the son of General de Marbot, who had command of a division in Italy and who might have managed to get Napoleon to give his son a direct commission, thought it better that he should go through the ranks. Young Marcellin was rather effeminate, more of a girl than a boy, and his father often called him "Miss

(Concluded on page 298)



Household Brigade Drag

Sir John Buchanan-Jardine chats to the head keeper at the meet. Sir John, Master of the Dumfriesshire Foxhounds, is hunting the Household Brigade Pack during the temporary absence of the Duke of Beaufort owing to an accident at the opening meet of the latter's own pack



The Adjutant Acts as Terrier Man

Captain J. A. Garland Emmet, the Life Guards, winner of many a point-to-point, acts as terrier man to the Household Brigade Drag, hunting in the vicinity of Windsor Forest, and rides a bicycle to the meet, leading a couple of terriers he has bred himself



Draghounds Hunt the Fox

At the recent meet near Winkfield of the Household Brigade Draghounds, who are hunting foxes this season, the Hon. Mrs. J. A. Garland Emmet, younger sister of Viscount Portman, was walking with Colonel Lord Forester, O.C. the Royal Horse Guards, whose steed was a bicycle

Wartime Foxhunting

or The Tribulations of a Lady Whipper-in: by Lionel Edwards

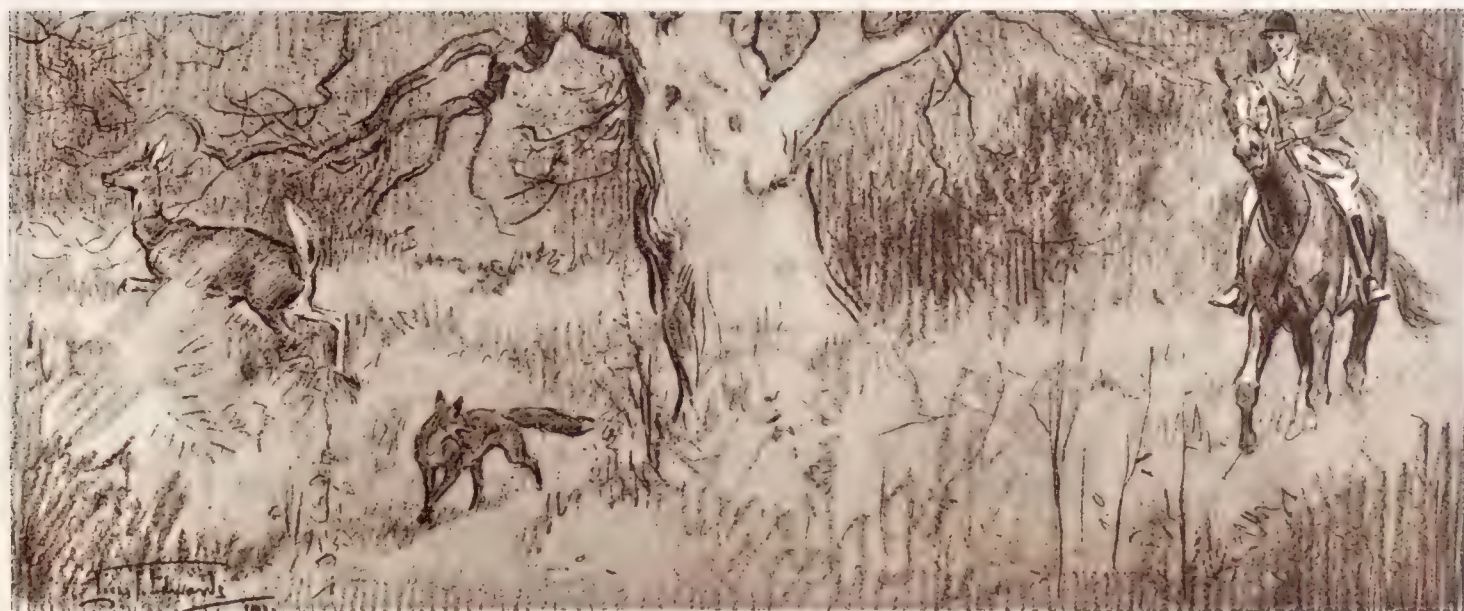


Huntsman to Lady Whipper-in (on kennel pony): "Just pop over, Miss, and turn those 'ounds"



Huntsman (at four cross-rides): "And mind, keep your eye on all of 'em!"

What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over!



"Now, do I holloa 'Tallyho over,' or 'Warr haunch'?"

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Marcelline"—a sore insult to a lad who was really full of spirit. Anyway, in he went as a trooper in the 1st Hussars, the old Bercheny regiment of Alsace, and which formerly consisted of no one but Germans. It is on record that down to 1793 the words of command were given in German. It was a pretty tough "push," and it quickly knocked all the girlishness out of young Marcellin and made him as tough as it was itself.

A French Cavalry "Mulvaney"

THE regiment was then (1799) lying at Nice, and when General Marbot took his son to it he asked the C.O. to recommend a good bear-leader. One Sergeant Pertelay was at once mentioned. But there were two brothers of this name, one good and one wicked. The latter got the job, and the picture of this soldier is well worth reproducing, for he was a species of Cavalry "Mulvaney." This is how Marcellin Marbot describes this fruity character in his Memoirs:

"... a hard drinker, a brawler, always ready for a quarrel and a fight; brave moreover to the point of rashness. He was absolutely ignorant of everything that did not concern his horse, his accoutrements or his service in the field. . . . A jolly ruffian—very well set up, I must admit—with his shako over his ear, his sabre trailing, his florid countenance divided by an enormous scar (a sword-cut), moustaches half a foot long, waxed and turned up to his ears, on his temples two long locks of hair plaited, which came from under his shako and fell on his breast, and withal such an air!—a regular rowdy air, heightened still further by his words jerked out in the most barbarous French-Alsatian gibberish."

A striking picture, but I venture to suggest not very different in some respects from cavalry N.C.O.s of a

hundred years and a little more later. Some of them might have been reincarnations of Sergeant Pertelay, and were, like him, superb soldier-men.

The Fierce Hussar Touch

WHEN he joined the 1st Hussars young Marbot was only just turned seventeen and had no moustache. As all Hussars had to have moustaches to give them a savage appearance which would strike terror into the hearts of the foe, something had to be done about it, and Pertelay was quite equal to the emergency. In Marbot's own words:

"He took a pot of blacking and with his thumb made two enormous hooks covering my

upper lip and almost reaching to my eyes. At that time the shako had no peak, so it happened that during reviews or when I was doing vedette duty and was bound to remain perfectly motionless, the scorching rays of the Italian sun pouring down on to my face used to suck up the liquid part of the blacking with which my moustaches had been made, and the blacking as it dried drew my skin in a very unpleasant way. Still I did not so much as wink. I was a Hussar!"

B.-P. and the Kadir Cup

CONCERNING the Kadir Cup, mention of which was made in connection with that famous horse Carclew, owned and ridden to victory three times by Scott-Cockburn, it has been stated repeatedly, by those who obviously do not know the facts, that Lord Baden-Powell won it in 1883. This is not so. His mare Patience won it, but she was ridden by "Ding" McDougall, who at that time was also a 13th Hussar and a very fine G.R. It was cruel luck that B.-P. did not win it on one of his own, but this was the way of it. In *Indian Memories*, by him, you will see all about it. He entered three horses that year and had two of them left in the final heat. He rode one, Hogmane, and "Ding" McDougall rode Patience. A big boar broke away and ready to spear. A sort of green hedge suddenly appeared in front; the pig went through and the Chief over, and there, ten feet below, was the river. The pig went in, with the rider and horse almost on top of him. They must have completely disappeared. B.-P. got out eventually at one spot, his horse at another, the latter promptly bolting for camp. The pig broke back, and when the rest of the heat came up to the hedge, Lord Baden-Powell pointed out where he was skulking in the reeds. "Ding" got first run at him and speared him, thus winning the Cup. I understand that there is no possibility of any contest in March 1941. The Cup was not competed for during the last war, as how could it be?



Pooler, Dublin

Irish Opening Meet

Mr. Claude Odum, the well-known Irish owner, is hunting the "Killing Kildares" this season, with Sir Francis Brooke and Mrs. C. Mitchell, for a committee. He is at the opening meet at Johnstown Inn, near Naas, with Colonel and Mrs. Denis Daly's two daughters, Ann and Avia



A Cheshire Wedding

Brigadier John Scott-Cockburn, "famous for all time," as "Sabretache" wrote of him two weeks ago, "as a winner of three Kadir Cups, India's pig-sticking Blue Ribbon, on that great old steed Carclew," was married ten days ago to Pamela Pershouse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Pershouse, of Lower Carden Hall, Malpas, Cheshire. Brig. Cockburn also comes from Lower Carden



Claude Fisher

The Earl of Leicester's Nephew and Nieces

Young Henry Francis Coke is ninety years younger than his uncle, the ninety-two-year-old Earl of Leicester, who owns, at Holkham, in Norfolk, some of the best shooting, and particularly duck-shooting, in the country. The small boy and his two sisters, Charmian and Caroline, are the children of Lord Leicester's half-brother, Major the Hon. Richard Coke, and Mrs. Coke. They also live in Norfolk, at Weasenham



Last Weeks on the Flat at Nottingham and Newmarket: By "The Tout"

Lord Carnarvon (top left) is now a Cavalry captain. He was at Nottingham to see Malmaison perform. Several of the yearlings he picked up in 1938 and '39 at the Saratoga Sales have since shown a handsome profit. Gordon Richards, once more at the top of the winning jockeys' list, dodged bombs on his way to ride Hunter's Moon IV. to victory in the Cesarewitch. Reg Day (centre), energetic Newmarket trainer, is also one of Newmarket's

most energetic wardens. Major J. B. Walker, of Shalfleet fame, owns that smart youngster, Chanda, winner of his only race this season. He is a son of his owner's good mare, La Chance, the dam of Chancery. The Duke of Westminster took the chance Nottingham gave him of seeing some of his two-year-olds in action. He has several good ones just now, of which perhaps Lambert Simnel is the most promising. Fred Templeman trains

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Base Uses

AN aspidistra, according to that unchallengeable authority, *The Fireman and Journal of the Civil Protective Forces of the United Kingdom*, has been used recently with outstanding success for the extinguishing of a German incendiary bomb. "A doctor in a north-country town," we are told, emptied the aspidistra, soil, roots and foliage, upon the bomb, which instantly wilted and went out.

There seems to me something curiously comic—yet elevating—in that meeting between the aspidistra and the incendiary. Some ponderous pundit, I believe, defined the comic as arising out of the "factitious juxtaposition of the manifestly incongruous," or, as the less ponderous might say, an intentional misfit: the small film-star in the huge trousers; the big man in the tiny hat. But here are extremes indeed: the aspidistra, emblem of dull and damp domesticity, and the incendiary, messenger of destruction and death. Was it chance that the plant was victorious?

But the real reason I related this incident was because it reminded me of another, which occurred recently at a Royal Air Force aerodrome which, fortunately for all concerned, must remain anonymous. The incident also consisted of an amazing meeting of extremes. It involved a substance called, I think, mascara: a deep blue colouring matter contained, together with a tiny brush, in a small box measuring about three inches long by one inch wide by a quarter of an inch deep. It was the property (I trust without any breach of Air Ministry Orders and Air Council Instructions) of a more than ordinarily pneumatic member of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force—one of those few who can make us resign ourselves to seeing women in uniform.

Operations

THERE had been an interchange of personnel between one aerodrome and another about fifty miles away, and in the course of it this small box had been inadvertently left behind. Now it seems that mascara is not readily obtainable at the outposts of air defence, but that the woman in question, rightly regarding her appearance as a matter of urgent and extreme Service importance, felt that she could not face the world without putting this stuff on her eyelashes—for that is where it belongs. A private conversation ensued between her and a certain Flight Lieutenant, of stern appearance but, as it seems she had divined, with a heart of gold—or putty.

Not long afterwards there was a roar of aero-engines and an enormous aircraft, with a maximum loaded weight of a good deal over 20,000 lb., made a fifty-mile journey

and returned precisely to time carrying, instead of the immense and unwieldy implements of warfare, this small box. It seems that by a remarkable coincidence one of the engines required to be tested. It was



Convalescent Airman

Squadron Leader Compston has been in an R.A.F. Officers' Hospital somewhere in the South West of England, recovering from injuries received in battle. He fought in the last War, when he won the D.S.C. (two Bars) and the D.F.C., and is now ready to take the air again in search of further scraps with the enemy



County of London's Illustrious Unit

The crest of the oldest auxiliary unit in the R.A.F., No. 601 (County of London) Squadron, is the sword of the County of London, with wings attached, as on the tail of the "Hurricane" by this group of pilots. No. 601 Squadron has destroyed more than a hundred planes, 43 being bagged in a single day without loss of a pilot, though a few "Hurricanes" were damaged. For their great achievement ten of the pilots have been awarded the D.F.C. The Squadron was formed in 1925, and all the original members owned private aeroplanes

certainly a masterly operation, which even those of us who would sell our souls for a pint of petrol will yet commend, on the grounds both of thorough engine-testing and disinterested chivalry.

That a big bomber should occasionally minister to the adornment of a woman's eyelashes seems right and proper. It enhances our high opinion—if that were possible—of the W.A.A.F. and the R.A.F.

Anti-beard

A FEW weeks ago I suggested—and not wholly without seriousness—that marked war economies would be effected, the load on our shipping reduced, our high-grade aircraft steels and our soap supplies made to last longer, if it were ordained that all shaving should cease for the duration.

This remark brought me quite a few amusing letters, one of them a burlesque of the typical daily newspaper letter. Signing himself a "man of self-respect," this facetious correspondent—who, by the way, gave his identity away by his hand-writing—declaimed ferociously against beards and accused me of being a "sixth columnist" by advocating the temporary abandonment of shaving. "Is this the spirit," he asks, in the best Colonel Blimp style, "which made men in darkest Africa dress for dinner?", and he urges that we should turn our (clean-shaven) faces against such decadence.

As I do not happen to know where he is now stationed, I cannot answer directly and present all the rude replies I have thought of, but this note should suffice to make this correspondent aware that if he wishes to preserve his anonymity he must in future type his letters!

Big Talk and Big Work

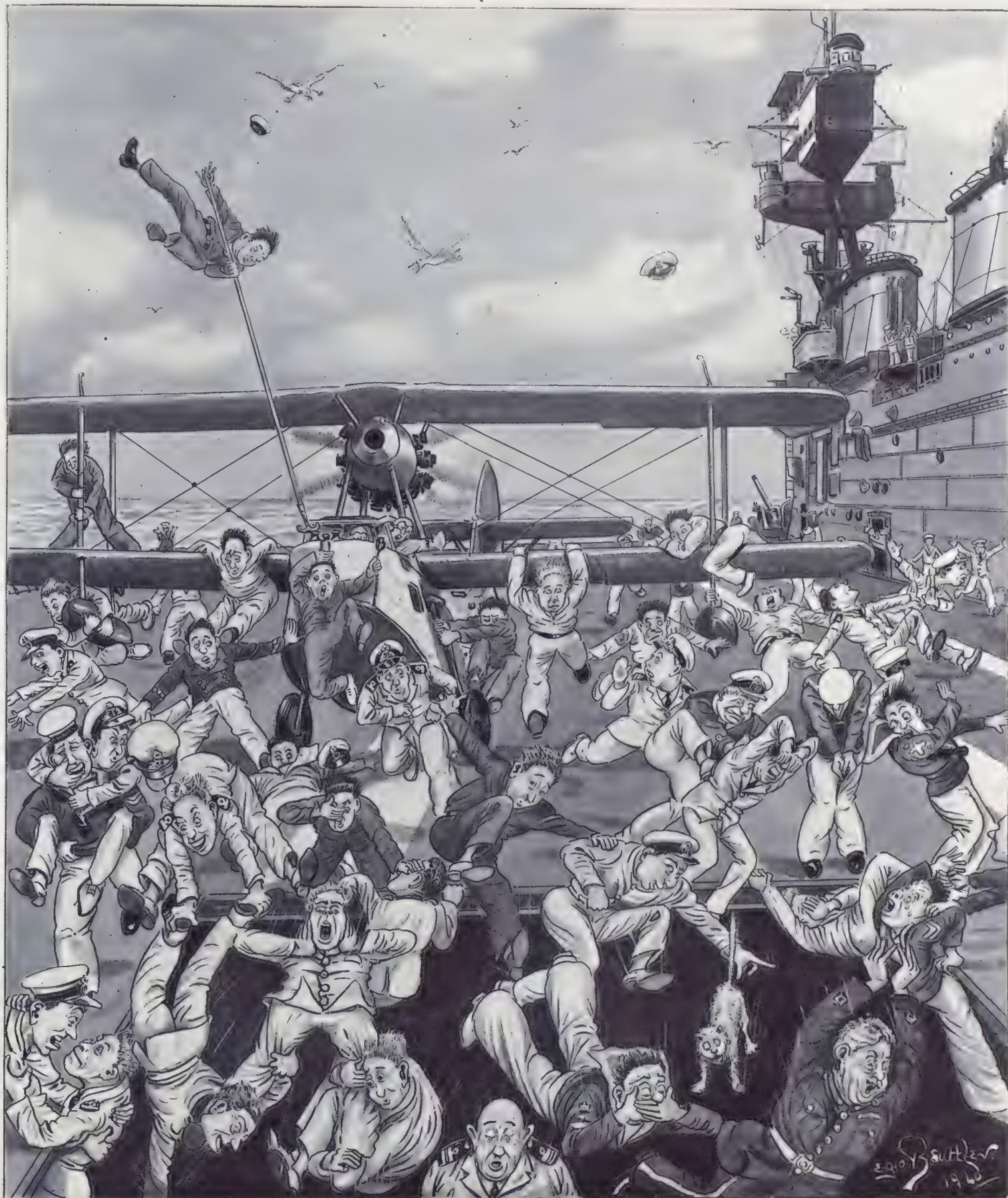
THE Americans often talk big; but what we repeatedly fail to understand (and I have been mistaken here more than once myself) is that they also act big. I remember how in one of the earlier Schneider Trophy races the American team talked before the event of speeds which we then thought fantastic. Our best designers were confident that what the Americans claimed they would be able to do was "just talk."

But it wasn't. When they got away in the race they made a first-class sensation owing to the high speeds they secured.

Ever since then I have had a good deal of respect for their aeronautical claims. And consequently, when figures for the output of military aircraft are given, and when they seem so high as to be unattainable in the time, I remember that Schneider Trophy race.

I have been talking lately, too, to a technical man who has just returned from America, where he looked over many factories, and from what he tells me I am convinced that the Americans are going to show the world what the word "production" really means in relation to aircraft. They did it with motor-cars and, although I am fully aware of the great differences in the manufacture of cars and aeroplanes, I believe that they will do it with aeroplanes. In six months we shall see, I think, the biggest production programme ever conceived in full swing. America's future depends on it—that is the fact of the matter.

With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 13



The Trap is Sprung: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

No, the above result is not the outcome of some dark deed of sabotage, but merely the precipitous conclusion of a freak of chance. Someone, whose future is not now worth while mentioning, has pressed the wrong button down below. To complicate matters even further, a "Walrus" amphibian aircraft of the F.A.A. has just come in for a pretty landing, which, however, is apparently doomed to definite failure. Though it is quicker to get the aircraft down this way, rather than use the lift, it is doubtful whether the method makes for flying efficiency



From Limerick and Kildare

Miss Margaret Quinlan, who hunts with the Co. Limerick, was dancing with Mr. Darby M. Kennedy, from Kildare, who is at present on sick leave from the Irish Guards. He is a brother of Viscountess Jocelyn and of the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley



From Waterford

Lady Charles Cavendish, whose lovely home, Lismore, is in Co. Waterford, was, of course, at the dance in aid of the Irish Red Cross. She has been working for this cause for some time. If the former Adèle Astaire is present at a party its success is assured



Leaders of Irish Travel

A party who were sitting out together at the Ball included several people interested in tourism and travel in Ireland. At the back are Mr. D. Barry, Secretary of the Irish Tourist Association, Mrs. J. T. Freeman, Mr. J. F. Dempsey, Secretary of Aer Lingus, Teoranta (Irish Air Lines between Eire and England), and Mr. S. M. O'Connell, also of Aer Lingus. The ladies in front are Mrs. D. Barry, Mrs. S. M. O'Connell, and Mrs. J. P. O'Brien

At the Red Cross Ball in Dublin



The Speaker of Dail Eirann

Mr. Frank Fahy, the Ceann Comhairle as he is called in Eire, or the Speaker of the Irish Parliament, was supping with Mrs. Aitkin, wife of Mr. Frank Aitkin, Minister for Co-ordination of Defensive Measures in Eire. Mrs. Aitkin was chairman of the dance committee of the very successful Ball in aid of the Irish Red Cross

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Famous Judge of Dogs

Sir Valentine Grace, Bt., seen with Miss Eileen Cullen, is the well-known breeder of Irish setters, and has frequently judged at Cruft's and at all the leading Irish dog shows. Sir Valentine's only son, Lieutenant Raymond Grace, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, has just married Miss Molly Lecky, of Ballykeale, Co. Carlow (see p. 308)



An Artist Tennis Player

Mr. Edward A. McGuire and his charming wife were at the Red Cross Ball. He is a crack tennis player, and was non-playing captain of the last Irish Davis Cup team. He is also a very successful artist and held a "one-man" exhibition of his pictures in Dublin last month



The Minister for Supplies

Mr. Sean F. Lemass, who holds the important post of Minister for Supplies in Eire, no sinecure at the present time, attended the dance with his wife. A brilliant assembly gathered at the Gresham Hotel, for the Irish Red Cross Ball, including many members of the Government, Judiciary, and Diplomatic Corps



The Co. Limerick Foxhounds

Hounds are seen moving off after the opening meet of the Co. Limerick Hunt which took place at Fedamore. The pack was formed over 100 years ago with Mr. George Fosbery as Master from 1828-1845, after the scratch pack which hunted hare, deer and fox, owned by Mr. Croker, of Ballinagard, was given up



Collection for Earl Haig's Fund

Mr. T. Moloney, the well-known South of Ireland jockey, collects for Earl Haig's Fund from Mrs. John Alexander (wife of the Master), who was in charge of the Co. Limerick Foxhounds at the opening meet

Hunting Again

Two Opening Meets in Ireland

Miss Rosemary Bell, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Bertram Bell, and Miss Pamela Wyndham-Quin, youngest daughter of Commander the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin and granddaughter of the Earl of Dunraven, were having a chat with Mr. F. W. Maxwell, the trainer, at Watergrasshill, Co. Cork



Mr. Leahy with Mr. J. J. Ryan and His Daughters

Left: at Fedamore Mr. Edward Leahy, the hon. sec. of the Co. Limerick Hunt, was casting an eye over the pack with Mr. J. J. Ryan, Master of the neighbouring pack, the Scar-teen (Black and Tans), whose two daughters were with him



Opening Meet of the United Hunt Club



At Watergrasshill, Co. Cork

Miss Murphy, Mrs. Flower, and her daughter, Miss Ann Flower, were amongst the many sporting people who turned up at the opening meet of the United Hunt Club, held at Watergrasshill, Co. Cork. The kennels at Middleton were opened by the Duke of Connaught in 1877, who was stationed at Fermoy at the time

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

"Vanity"

By H. T. W. Bousfield

Illustration by Mendoza

YOU know what those gangsters were. The life they led made them a bit casual, and John Muttie had never bothered to marry his girl; in fact, she herself had never suggested it, so when he left Chicago on a vacation and sailed for Europe he did not consider himself bound in any way to Lena. He didn't tell her his plans. Lena, he figured, was still a remarkably good-looking girl, and the jewels she had had from him ought to dry any sensible woman's tears. Funny that a vain man should make such a fatal mistake.

For the tears were not dried. Lena, for some extraordinary reason, had really fallen for John Muttie, who was no oil-painting, indeed! When he didn't come back, because the whole racket blew away, she must have had a nervous breakdown or something. She wrote a very bitter (and rather unfair) letter to her father, who was getting old and had been more or less pensioned off, drank a whole bottle of 'genuine Scotch and blew her brains out. Perhaps this sounds rather a sordid story. It's a true one; nevertheless.

Marks was Lena's father's name.

MR. MARKS thought things over for quite a time, then he, too, made the necessary arrangements and sailed for England with a passport that had cost him plenty. He arrived down in Harper's Ford and took a pleasant little cottage that had been lived in by two aged gentlewomen, and gave out that he was a retired insurance broker with an interest in botany.

He'd grown a beard by that time, a neat, pointed little grey beard that gave him a mildly-distinguished appearance, for that beard, of course, was a complete alibi if he should chance to meet the occupant of the Manor, and (no one ever found out where it came from) he had even had a duplicate beard made. It must have been kept in a suit-case that, to his housekeeper's annoyance (so she admitted), was invariably locked.

The occupant of the big house, you will have guessed, of course, was Mr. Muttie, but he was known as Mr. Thornberry, a man of means and learning who was reputed to be writing a treatise upon Economics or something.

Everybody regarded Mr. Thornberry (né Muttie) with respect. He subscribed very generously to all the right sort of things—the church organ fund, the village institute and the cricket club. If you do that in England the local gossips will give you at least one clear day off per week. Mr. Thornberry, however, gave gossips no chance at all. Illness, he said, necessitated seclusion,

and the local doctor—a kind man who was grateful to any patient who would say in advance what was the matter with him—without any breach of confidence, let it be known that the trouble was something to do with Muttie's blood-stream. The autopsy showed (of course, this is going to turn out a murder story) that Mr. Thornberry



"Mr. Thornberry was sitting with his back to the light, writing"

had nothing much the matter with his blood (what was left of it) or anything else, and other facts that came to light suggested that the whole recluse idea was funk. He'd had a telegram, it seems, which sheer vanity had prompted old Marks to send him from London. This precious document was found, and it went something like this:

"You're going to die.—LENA."

Marks must have realised that he couldn't afford to go on indulging in that sort of prank, because he sent no more threats (though he must have longed to), and when he arrived and settled himself with a butterfly-net, or whatever it is botanists carry, nobody saw any reason to doubt that he was exactly what he said he was. Now and then he would appear in the "George and Dragon" of an evening, and if the habitués thought him a bit queer, nobody sniggered and most people got a free tankard.

People liked Mr. Marks, but Mr. Marks was only really concerned with his murder.

It was to be not merely the sublimation of revenge, but it must provide his own—internal—mental assurance that his was a mind above the common run.

Mr. Marks was not averse to risks. Mr. Marks was not dismayed at the idea of possibly being hanged (which was fortunate, because hanged he was). Mr. Marks merely had to choose between a score of satisfying methods of obliterating a fellow-creature, and getting away with it. He did not hurry. When evening came he would look forward to the morning, and when morning came he would look forward to a day that might tell him what he should do.

It wasn't very long before that day came. The postman at Harper's Ford carried his bag carelessly, and one day, passing a copple opposite the Manor, in which Mr. Marks was pottering, he dropped two letters unbeknownst. After he had gone, Marks picked them up. They were addressed to Mr. Thornberry. And those innocent, irrelevant circulars—for they were nothing more—sealed two persons' death-warrants.

"Because" (Mr. Marks had thought) "how shall I enter the grounds of the big house and do my stuff and get out again without a reason? I will be a postman—" (said Mr. Marks suddenly to himself)—"and if I have a letter or two to deliver I shall be able to come and go. That is all I need. A stranger, a suspicious character is noted, if there is anyone to note. Everybody takes a postman as a matter of course. He is never suspected by anything more reasonable than a dog. And Thornberry hasn't even got a dog."

Next day Marks went up to London, and he came back two days later with a suit-case heavier than it had been at his departure, and he shaved daily thenceforward, and thereafter wore the spare beard that he had kept locked up.

It's amazing that more criminals don't learn how to use a knife. In skilful hands a knife can be far more satisfactory than a gun, and in really expert hands one need never be weaponless, because almost any knife with a trifle of weight somewhere will do. Mr. Marks knew all about knives, and he kept three. He'd take them in the bag containing his postman's kit to the copple and watch for the postman to come along with the afternoon's delivery.

One day that postman didn't turn in at the gates, just walked on to the one farm that was further still from the village, and, quick almost as the flick of a bee's wing, his double slipped out of the wood and across the road and up the drive.

Joe Marks knew the whole lay-out from "A" to "Z." He walked right up to the house now, bold as brass. He tip-toed on to the lawn, letters in his hand. He peeked into the library window. Mr. Thornberry was sitting with his back to the light, writing.

The first knife merely winged him, for Marks was a bit out of practice, but he used both the other two, and so fast there was practically no noise.

Mr. Marks just dropped the letters on the mat, as the real postman used to do,

(Concluded on page 314)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Hendrie — Scale

A military wedding at a garrison town took place when Major William Brown Hendrie, Canadian Army, son of the late Colonel William Hendrie, and Mrs. Hendrie, of Gateside, Hamilton, Ontario, was married to Betty Scale, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Scale, of Clutha, Lower Bourne, Farnham, Surrey



Marshall — Gilmour

Captain Philip Donald Marshall, Middlesex Regiment, eldest son of the late H. H. Marshall, and Mrs. A. Maclean, of Woodlands, Caldecote, Beds., and Doris Pamela Yvonne Gilmour, daughter of the late Douglas Gilmour, and Mrs. Gilmour, of the Manor House, Prestbury, Cheltenham, were married at St. Simon Zelotes, Lennox Gardens



Meinertzhagen — Leonard

Pilot Officer Daniel Meinertzhagen, R.A.F.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Meinertzhagen, of Theberton House, Leiston, Suffolk, and Marguerite Leonard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Leonard, of Brandeston Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk, and 43, Montagu Square, W.1, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Lockhart — Lowry

Pilot Officer James Lockhart, R.A.F.V.R., younger son of J. Lockhart, of Belfast and China, and the late Mrs. Lockhart, and Norwenna Burt Lowry, only daughter of Mrs. L. Lowry, of Joubert Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church



Benwell — Rome

Captain Ian R. Benwell, of Drummond Place, Edinburgh, and Evelyn Rome were married at St. John's, Edinburgh. She is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Rome, of Marks Hall, Glemsford, Suffolk, and great-niece of Sir Harold J. Stiles, the Edinburgh surgeon



Guild — Beaufoy

Lt.-Col. John Royes Guild, D.S.O., Gloucester Regiment, and Prue Marcia Beaufoy, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mark Beaufoy, of Hill House, Steeple Aston, Oxon, were married at Steeple Aston Parish Church. He is the son of Lieut.-Col. William Guild, of St. Ann's, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, and the late Mrs. Guild



Gratton-Cooper — Pitt

A naval wedding in South Africa was that of Lieutenant Sydney Gratton-Cooper, R.N., and Felicity Joan Pitt. They were married at Christ Church, Kenilworth, S.A. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Gratton-Cooper, of the Meadows, Glasllwch, Newport, Mon.



Copeland — Chambers

R. Spencer Copeland, R.A., and Sonia Chambers, only child of the late W. J. B. Chambers, and Mrs. Chambers, of 130, Cranmer Court, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Copeland, of Colwich, Stafford, and Trelissick, Truro

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

A SMALL boy was out with his mother one afternoon, and was given a sixpence to put in the collecting-box to help buy a "Spitfire." The mother walked on, but missed the boy. Looking back, she noticed he was still standing by the man with the box.

"Come along, John," she called. "Hurry up!"

"Not yet," cried the boy. "I haven't got my 'Spitfire' yet."

THE small boy had never been in a public shelter before, and a kindly woman there was talking to him to take his mind off the noise outside.

In one of the lulls in the noise, the boy's mother was chagrined to hear a shrill little voice explain:

"Well, I don't know 'zactly how old I am, because I've never been in a public shelter before. But I'm nearly three in the train, four on the bus, and five at school."

"GOOD gracious, Professor, surely you cannot have given such a tenor a letter of introduction to the Director of the Paris Opera? He's ignorant, strident, and I've always thought that you hated him!"

"My friend, have you noticed the grand staircase of the Paris Opera House?"

"Yes, but what has that got to do with it?"

"It is one hundred and fifty feet high. Its steps are solid blocks of polished and gleaming marble. Its 'swing' and sweep are among the wonders of architecture. . . . I want to see him kicked down it."

A CLERGYMAN noticed a woman named Mrs. Parker, whom he much disliked, coming up his front steps. Taking refuge in his study, he left his wife to entertain the caller.

Half an hour later he emerged from his retreat, listened carefully on the landing, and hearing nothing below, called down to his wife: "Has that horrible old bore gone?"

The woman was still in the lounge, but the minister's wife proved equal to the occasion.

"Yes, dear," she called back, "she went long ago! Mrs. Parker is here now."

A SCOTTISH surgeon, a man of few words, met his match—in a woman! She called at his surgery with her hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place:

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More poultices."

Two days later the woman made another call.

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing. Most sensible woman I ever met."

A MAN is always looking for home comforts in an hotel and hotel service around the house.

AN A.R.P. man, patrolling with another warden during a raid after midnight, found himself confronted by a man who emerged from some bushes where, he explained, he had been "taking cover."

The stranger had evidently been celebrating something or other, for he was distinctly "merry," and was full of bright ideas.

"You're wardens, aren't you?" he said. "Well, look up there! That star's showing too much light."

The wardens wished him to get to shelter as quickly as possible, as things were getting lively overhead. But he wanted the star dimmed there and then.

At last one of the wardens had a bright idea also. "It's all right, old man," he said, "it's one of ours!"

"Ours?" was the reply. "Then I won't say another word about it!"

MR. and Mrs. Bust were very thrilled with the new twins. But they were having great difficulty in choosing names for them. At last, however, they agreed, and one Sunday set off for the church for the christening ceremony.

Mother was holding the little girl, while the baby boy was in his father's arms.

The clergyman turned to the mother.

"Well, Mrs. Bust, what are the little girl's Christian names to be?"

"Florence May."

"And what about the little boy?"

"John Will."

PRIVATE JONES was grumbling about the five very fat pieces of meat on his plate compared with the one very small piece of juicy lean, when the orderly officer walked in.

"Any complaints?" he asked.

"Yes, sir: this meat is all fat," said Private Jones.

The officer picked up a fork, deftly pinned the one juicy piece of lean, and ate it.

"Tastes quite good to me," he said, and walked off amid the laughter of the company, except, of course, Private Jones!



Rugby Football at Bristol

The Rev. P. W. P. Brook's West of England XV, who lost to the Welsh Army by the narrow margin of 11 points to 16 at Bristol: (standing) G. A. Reid (Oxford University, Bristol, and Scottish Trial), C. N. Lane (Cheshire and Birkenhead Park), A. T. Payne (England and Bristol), R. Pearce (Gloucestershire and Bristol), V. Thompson (Bristol), W. H. Morland (Gloucester), A. N. Macfadyen (Edinburgh H.S.), C. L. Smith (Clifton College), J. H. Parsons (Cambridge University and Leicester), L. Corbett (Bristol, Gloucester and England) (referee); (sitting) C. R. Murphy (English Trial and Bristol), T. Mahoney (Somerset and Bristol), Peter W. P. Brook (Cambridge University, Harlequins and England) (capt.), B. Wallis (Irish Trial and Bath), K. G. Foss (Somerset and Bath), K. Lewis (Gloucestershire and Bristol)



The Victorious Welsh Army XV.

The Welsh Army XV, who beat the West of England at Bristol after an exciting game in the rain, by 16 points to 11: (standing) D. A. Brown (Welsh Trial and Cardiff), B. Syner (Newport), W. G. Jones (Welsh Trial and Newport), — Stevens, W. B. Gough (West Trial and Newport) E. O. Coleman (Newport), S. W. D. Seager (Chepstow), E. J. Garland (Newport); (sitting) R. K. Morris (Wales and Swansea), P. T. Jones (Newport), C. Mathews (Wales and Bridgend), M. J. Daly (Harlequins and Ireland) (captain), Ivor Williams (British XV., South Africa, and Cardiff), K. J. Law (Welsh Trial and Cardiff), H. W. Isaac (Welsh Trial and Newport)

The Answer is Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes

"You look younger." Those are sweet words to a woman, and more so when she actually feels younger. It's no departure from the strictest veracity to say that thousands of women are to-day both looking younger and feeling younger by wearing "Arch Preservers."

Your face shows it when your feet are happy. Yes, and there is that poise about your whole body which takes years off your age — just as a limp does the reverse.

Selberite Arch Preservers brace your feet whilst giving them a healthy freedom of action. The outward design, combined with the hidden construction, of these famous shoes, makes the foot—your foot—beautiful and keeps it so. Freedom and grace go together when natural laws are observed.



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300 Shops in the British Isles are authorized to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with illustrations of new styles.



Getting Married

(Continued from page 305)



Grace — Lecky

Lieut. Raymond Grace, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, only son of Sir Valentine Grace, Bt., of Boley, Monkstown, Co. Dublin and the late Lady Grace, and Molly Rosamond Lecky, youngest daughter of the late Major-Gen. R. St. C. Lecky, and Mrs. Lecky, of Ballykealey, Co. Carlow, were married at Caxton Hall



Cooper — Willson

Sub-Lieut. (Acting) Kenneth Dilnott Cooper, R.N.V.R., and Winifred Latimer Willson, eldest daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Willson, of Kenward, Tonbridge, Kent, were married at Holy Trinity, Tunbridge Wells. He is the only son of the Rev. H. E. D. Cooper, of All Souls', Camberwell, S.E.5



Annand — Osborne

Second-Lieut. Richard Wallace Annand, V.C., Durham Light Infantry, and Shirley Osborne, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Osborne, of the Red House, Selsey, Sussex, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mr. Annand is the son of the late Lieut.-Com. W. M. Annand, and the late Mrs. D. E. Annand. He won his V.C. in France in May

Your English Complexion is admired the world over



This is the powder especially created for the English Complexion and is used by all beauty-wise women to perfect and maintain that lovely possession in all its youthful beauty:

With a perfect smooth matt texture and with exceptional covering and adhesive properties, it will cling lovingly and retain its delightful perfume through sunshine or rain, wind or humidity.

There are seven tints each blended for the English Complexion. CAMEO is the newest flattering shade. The Tester at your favourite shop will help you make your choice.



Yardley COMPLEXION
ENGLISH Powder

2/- AND 3/6

TEST OFFER Sufficient Powder for a test, in English Peach, Rose Rachel and the new shade CAMEO, will be sent on application. Send 3d. to cover post and packing to Dept. E 15, YARDLEY, 33 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1.



FORTY YEARS AGO we began trading with the firm conviction that every customer should be able to trust our goods and to rely on our service. We thought that was good business: we still think it is: so do our customers. We do not intend to reduce our reputation for reliability, because in times like these it would be easy to alter our standards and lay the blame for changing them upon war conditions. We shall continue to sell good clothes that will wear with patriotic steadfastness, at the lowest possible prices. The Austin Reed Service has never been just a light phrase—it has always meant going to as much trouble as we can to satisfy our customers. Come what may, it will continue to keep that meaning.

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Sanderson's
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VAT 69

WM SANDERSON & SON LTD. LEITH



Less than a year ago the "shelter" suit was an unknown quantity in the world of dress; now it has assumed a definite position. Among the pioneers in creating this all-important garment were Burberry's in the Haymarket; they seem to be endowed with a special sense of knowing just what women need. Wool makes the shelter suit above, with its geometrical design; the colour schemes are bluebell and black and clover and blue. Among its manifold advantages is that it is cut in one piece and is provided with useful pockets. The hood and the cardigan which complete the scheme are knitted and made of brushed wool. They may be bought separately. There are also many shelter accessories

By *M. E. Brooke.*

the highway of fashion

Nowadays there is no difference between fashions for town and the country. Naturally there are uniforms, which have to conform strictly to the regulations of the particular service in which they are to be worn. Cut and fit are all important. A tailored suit finds its way into every wardrobe, but is never permitted to remain there long, as it has much work to do. Jaeger's of Regent Street designed and carried out the model below in wool tweed. As will be seen, the skirt is slim, although endowed with a certain flare; it is cut on the cross to show the flattering effect of the matching of the checks from the centre seam. The coat has broad shoulders, four buttons and real patch pockets with flap tops. Here is to be found wonderful value in camel-hair coats with raglan or inset sleeves. Some have belts while others are innocent of the same. Again there are threequarter-length modified swagger coats, also with raglan sleeves. A decidedly new note is struck by the neat alpaca hooded coats





JACKET JAMBOREE. This wool jacket steals the honours in the mode of winter. Perfectly tailored with inset pockets and self buttons. In rose, dark turquoise, green, navy, brown and black. Bust sizes 36, 38 and 40 in. **59'6**

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Even in wartime the very special occasion comes along and then only a gift of New Berry Fruits fills the bill. These are the deliciously different sweatmeats with the fruit flavour liqueur centres. Each lives up to its name—pear, gooseberry, tangerine, grapefruit, raspberry. Good confectioners sell them separately or assorted.

Sometimes you may not be able to get as much as you'd like—but you will like what you can get!

8d. per quarter loose. Boxes: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. - 1/6 1 lb. - 3/- 2 lb. - 6/-

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THE SWEETMEATS THAT ARE DELICIOUSLY DIFFERENT

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Saving Grace....

Here is a hint for fashionwise, yet frugal folk. Choose no other stockings but Bear Brand. For they will give you all the delicacy and beauty that your heart could desire. But they will also give you such a long life that they will save you pounds and pounds over the year.

Bear Brand
PURE SILK STOCKINGS

Way of the War

(Continued from page 272)

officers will be posted to positions which may seem less important than those which they have held hitherto. But by the very experience they have gained in the old job they may be able to bring great originality of thought to the new. That, at least, is the governing thought and probably it is a very sound one.

America's Flying Fortresses

THERE has been much speculation for several weeks on the possibility of Britain obtaining America's "B 17" Flying Fortresses, and there has been a good deal of misinformation in the Press on the particular machines in question.

It has now been announced in Washington that fifteen of the Flying Fortresses—the latest models—would be released to Britain. Actually, since the secret is out, I can say that thirty-five of these large bombers altogether are at Britain's disposal—twenty of the older type. British crews are being trained by "experts" at a Canadian air base, from which the planes are being flown to Britain. Instead of the nine months reputed to be necessary for the training of a crew, a week is the maximum needed for an already trained crew to be instructed in the intricacies of the Boeing.

The original Flying Fortress had a ceiling of six miles (or 30,000 feet), and a cruising speed of somewhat over 200 miles per hour. They are capable of flying from Britain to America and back without refuelling. Their total bomb load, for a 3,000-mile trip, can be *twenty-eight tons*. Surely more valuable for bombing Rome, Berlin, Danzig and parts east than the British Press has implied!



Lancashire M.P. and His Bride

Sir Cyril Entwistle, K.C., Conservative M.P. for Bolton since 1931, was married earlier this month to Ethel May Towson, of Skerryvore, Hale, Cheshire. He served with the R.G.A. in the last war, won the M.C. and was mentioned in dispatches. He is a good golfer, and won the Parliamentary championship in 1929.

Apparently the problem of placing such large and seemingly vulnerable craft on British aerodromes, subjected to risk of German bombing, does not arise. Provisions have been made.

More Destroyers Coming

THOSE first fifty destroyers we got from the United States Navy are proving most valuable. Now that Roosevelt has been elected for his third term I have reason to think that another fifty will soon be on their way. How useful they will be can be seen from the fact that the convoy which ran into a German battleship on the high seas the other day was escorted only by an armed merchantman, so great are the widespread demands made on the Navy at the present time.

Like the Flying Fortresses, the American destroyers have their own little peculiarities which our crews have to become familiar with. The terms "port" and "starboard" are not known to the American sailor. He has simplified matters and the commander on the bridge signals to the engine room for "right" and "left." It would be interesting if the innovation were adopted throughout our own fleets of the future.

Ill-planned Attack

MEANTIME nothing seems likely to come of the attacks on Sir Dudley Pound, the First Sea Lord. It was perfectly true that there has for long been a whispering campaign on foot suggesting that a little more dash at the Admiralty would be a good thing.

But to attack an officer who cannot reply for himself in the course of a public parliamentary debate, and with a good deal of personal animus at that, is not the best way of persuading a Government to make the change. Especially is this likely to be true when the said officer was Chief of Naval Staff to the Prime Minister throughout his period as First Lord of the Admiralty.

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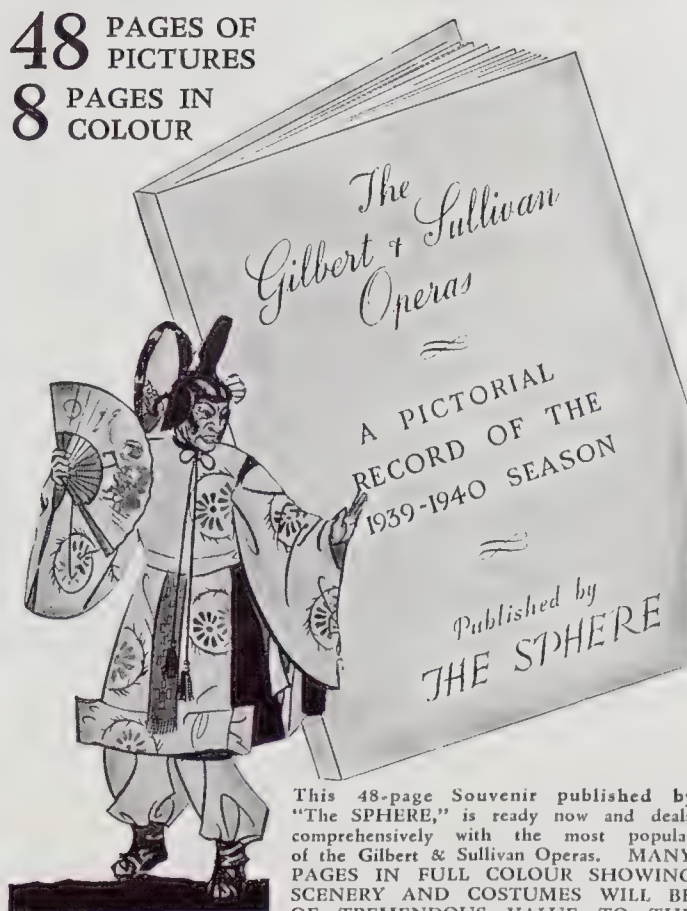
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THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER

when replying to their announcements

"Vanity"

(Continued from page 304)

and walked away, stripping off the "new-skin" stuff that he'd covered his fingerprints with as he went, and dropping it in the flower-beds and shrubberies. Then he got back into the coppice, dropped his disguise into the hole he had made for it, covered it up, and, until the light failed, sketched and botanised in several more public spots so that any innocent villagers would get the impression that he had visibly hung around all the afternoon.

So what? Just this. When Thornberry was well and truly dead, Marks ought to have been satisfied. Lena was avenged; his ambition had been achieved. But he wasn't. The light had gone out of his life. He found himself indeed and truly just a lonely, ageing man, with no friends, with just an adequate annuity and a mild interest in botany. He stayed on a while and got gloomier and gloomier. He no longer botanised or painted. He no longer called in of an evening at the village pub. He didn't even bother to get back to Chicago. He grew old. He grew old as a man grows old when he retires, when the urge to achieve something has left him; a man without hobbies.

He would sit alone in the dark and think about the two old ladies who had had the cottage before him. They at least had died within a week of each other and were presumably at peace. He was alive, solitary, unregarded. And then he would weep.

Amongst lonely men the corollary to tears is drink. (In women it works the other way.) Mr.

Marks took to drink. At his time of life, obviously he should have chosen some other distraction, for the demon rum (in his case, brandy) merely drugged his sense of self-preservation and started up his urge for self-expression.

After a bottle of Three Star, he realised that he was not a failure. He was a man who had lived a full and successful life, and he had avenged his child with a murder so perfect that the police did not even have to apologise in the usual way for being baffled.

Someone had to admire him for all this.

* * *

Mr. Marks called at the police station and insisted upon being arrested. Mr. Marks was first laughed at and then locked up for being drunk. Mr. Marks was lectured by the magistrates next day and fined five shillings.

Mr. Marks gave himself up again. . . .

It is painful to record the humiliations that poor man endured at the hands of magistrates, missionaries, temperance reformers and doctors before he persuaded a policeman to come and see where the imitation postman's kit was buried—and even then it took the wretched Joe half an hour to find the spot again, so cleverly had he hidden it.

Then interest did awake. Then the false beard, which up till then had been considered just proof of being nuts, was regarded in its proper, sinister light.

Marks got all the publicity he wanted after that. At his trial the only protest he made was when he heard the county police had been congratulated on their smartness in making an arrest after Scotland Yard had tacitly confessed itself defeated.

It was a good thing that he really didn't seem to mind being hanged. They said his vain self-

satisfaction sustained him right along to the drop. But then, of course, he had never been found out.

THE END

TO OUR READERS: Owing to exceptional circumstances, readers of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER may receive delivery later than the publishing date. Although making every effort to arrange for punctual delivery, our readers are nevertheless requested to accept their copies should there be delay owing to conditions over which our publisher has no control.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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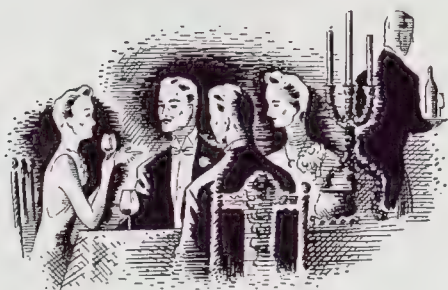
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Winter in Captivity

The Prime Minister has recently confirmed in the House of Commons that the number of British Prisoners of War in Germany represents a large proportion of the total British casualty list of 92,000.

From their prison camps the men send a call to their fellow-countrymen NOT TO FORGET THEM. Most of the prisoners suffered great strain and privation in the days following the Battle of France and Flanders, but it is the monotony of life "behind barbed wire" that the men find hardest to bear—especially with the long winter months before them. It was to meet this need that the British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund was founded shortly after the outbreak of war. The work of the Fund is two-fold:

1 We send books, games, playing cards, sporting equipment, music and gramophones to the prison camps, so that the men can organise libraries, concerts, team games, etc., to keep reasonably fit and cheerful.

2 An important branch of our work is to send *individual* parcels to the prisoners. Past experience has shown how eagerly men in captivity look forward to receiving parcels *personally addressed* to them. We send each Prisoner of War, as soon as his name and number reach us, a first "Capture" parcel containing books and games carefully chosen to meet varying needs, and with a printed postcard on which the men are asked to state their *own preferences* (whether for light or serious reading) for future monthly parcels. A careful record is kept to avoid duplication and in this way the men have the advantage of a first-class circulating library combined with a "personal touch" which serves as a link with home.



The Fund is indebted to English speaking communities throughout the world for their generous and wholehearted support. Additional help is most urgently needed, and those in a position to do so will greatly assist by opening a subscription list or earmarking the proceeds of a collection or function for the Fund.

IMPORTANT NOTE

If you are interested in a particular prisoner, please attach to this form a sheet of paper giving his name, camp number and other details. If desired, parcels will then be sent in your name.

An Appeal

In this constructive work of remembrance ALL can share—helping men who have lost their liberty in our service to a tolerable existence during their enforced exile from home. Our work depends entirely on voluntary subscriptions, and the great increase in the number of prisoners has imposed a severe strain upon the Fund. We earnestly appeal to readers of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER to respond as generously as possible to this appeal, so that no prisoner need be overlooked or forgotten. Please complete and return the form below to:

Sir HUGH WALPOLE, *Chairman*, or
Miss CHRISTINE KNOWLES, *Founder and Director*.

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Will you help by "adopting" one or more of our men who are Prisoners of War in Germany? For 5/- a month the Fund will keep him supplied with regular parcels of books and games of his own choice, individually addressed, in your name. £1 a month will "adopt" four prisoners. Readers of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER will not need to be told what such parcels mean to men in captivity!

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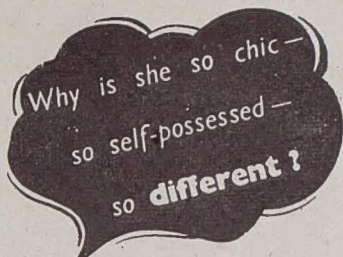
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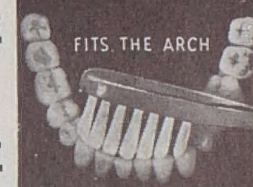


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